An American Dreamer *Stanley Kauffmann*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 16, 1967, 35 cents

Freak-Out in Chicago

National Conference of New Politics

by James Ridgeway

Beliefs of the Masters — *Irving Howe*

Congo Plots — *Keith Kyle*

We Asked for Bread — *Honor Tracy*

General Grant — *Gerald W. Johnson*

A Vote for Peace — *The Editors*

SEP 14
NR BILS C019 1 1267
GUY M BAILEY
UNIV OF VT
BURLINGTON VT 05401
NEWSPAPER
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

The Russian Empire
1801-1917

By HUGH SETON-WATSON. "It is clear and compact — never a wasted or ambiguous word. It is unfalteringly accurate; the author is the outstanding British authority on the period. It is comprehensive beyond the dreams of Acton; in 750 pages it contains every fact about Russian political history in the chosen period which any reasonable person can want to know. Its splendid bibliography is a tribute to the author's erudition and a guide to further study."—*The Times Literary Supplement. 17 maps. (The Oxford History of Modern Europe.)* $10.00

The Oxford Companion to the Theatre
THIRD EDITION

Edited by PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. Since it was originally published in 1951, THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE has been the only one-volume encyclopedia of world theatre. It covers the history of the theatre from ancient Greece to modern America, from Acoustics and Architecture through Costume, Lighting, Make-Up, and Scenery. Compiled originally by a team of more than fifty experts, the present book has been thoroughly revised with articles by thirty new contributors. The new additions bring this great reference work right up to the moment. *80 plates.* $15.00

Friends Not Masters
A POLITICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By MOHAMMAD AYUB KHAN, *President of Pakistan.* Here is a rare event; a book written by a head of state and head of government when in office. It is both Mohammad Ayub Khan's biography and an intimate description of the major events in the history of Pakistan. The major part of the book describes the revolution of 1958, the reforms the author introduced, and Pakistan's attitudes towards India and the world. Of special importance are the chapters on foreign policy explaining the author's reaction to increasing Indian military capability after the Indo-Chinese clashes of 1962. *33 halftones, 2 maps.* $7.50

Rudyard Kipling
REALIST AND FABULIST

By BONAMY DOBRÉE. In writing from a lifetime's enjoyment of Kipling, Professor Dobrée enables the reader to share his pleasure — even if he knows little of Kipling. Kipling's natural equipment and basic intuitions and philosophy of life are examined and his attitude to the idea of Empire and his motives and qualities as a "reactionary" are discussed (and defended). $5.75

A History of War and Peace, 1939–1965

By WILFRID F. KNAPP. "The essential facts are tidily arranged round a few crucial themes — the wartime alliance, the cold war, the successive crises in the Middle East, the Far East, South-East Asia, Europe, Africa; then the Common Market, disarmament, decolonization, and the rest. . . . [A] meticulous survey of international institutions. . . . a reliable textbook for students, and a well-informed work of reference for the general reader."— *The Times Literary Supplement.* (Published for the Royal Institute of International Affairs.) *11 line maps.* $10.00

John Greenleaf Whittier
A PORTRAIT IN PARADOX

By EDWARD WAGENKNECHT. In preparing the latest in his distinguished series of reappraisals of standard American writers, Edward Wagenknecht has had access to much manuscript material which previous biographers have not seen. The resulting portrait in depth supersedes anything previously written. Not a formal biography but a study of character and personality, JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER enables the reader to know the man Whittier as well as he can be understood in the twentieth century, revealing much more than merely his career as a poet. $6.50

The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins
FOURTH EDITION

Edited by W. H. GARDNER *and* N. H. MACKENZIE. The widely acclaimed Third Edition has now been supplanted by this new volume which includes the latest known versions of all extant poems and verse fragments. The text has been revised from a scrutiny of all the surviving autographs and contemporary transcripts — resulting in about a hundred interesting changes and several times as many minor corrections. *2 line illustrations.* $7.50

The Oxford Regional Economic Atlas of the United States and Canada

Prepared by The Cartographic Department of the Clarendon Press. *Advisory editors,* JOHN D. CHAPMAN *and* JOHN C. SHERMAN. The fourth in the series of Oxford Regional Economic Atlases, this volume contains 128 map pages in up to seven colors, a gazetteer of 10,000 entries, and is based on the most recent figures available. An unusual feature is the inclusion of several pages of urban plans showing major commercial and industrial zones, recreation areas, and the extent of built-up areas. $17.50

At all bookstores

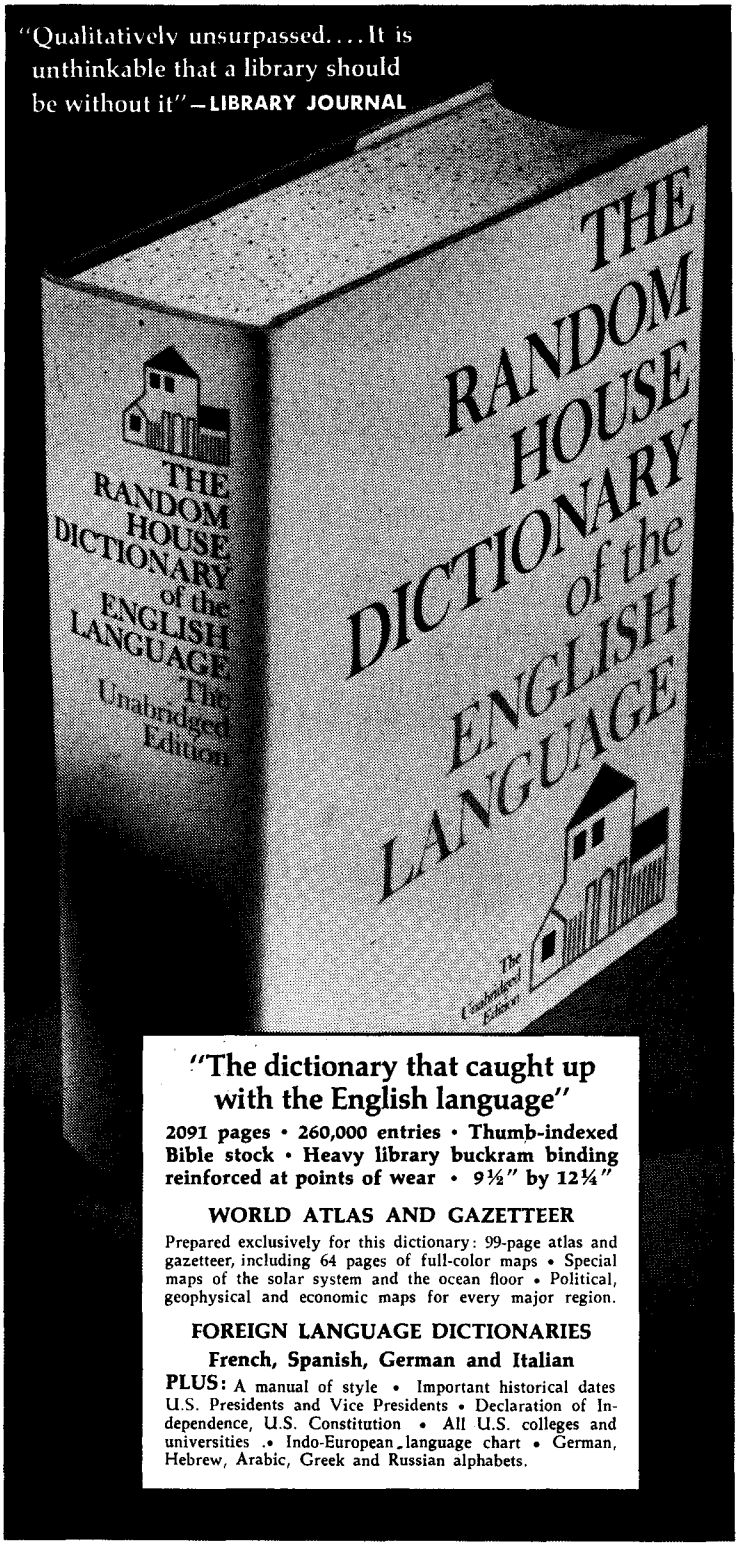
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As your first Book-Dividend from the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

THIS NEW MAJOR DICTIONARY ...sent to you for only $5


"Qualitatively unsurpassed.... It is unthinkable that a library should be without it"—LIBRARY JOURNAL
THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE
The Unabridged Edition
THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE
The Unabridged Edition

"The dictionary that caught up with the English language"

2091 pages • 260,000 entries • Thumb-indexed Bible stock • Heavy library buckram binding reinforced at points of wear • 9½" by 12¼"

WORLD ATLAS AND GAZETTEER

Prepared exclusively for this dictionary: 99-page atlas and gazetteer, including 64 pages of full-color maps • Special maps of the solar system and the ocean floor • Political, geophysical and economic maps for every major region.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DICTIONARIES

French, Spanish, German and Italian

PLUS: A manual of style • Important historical dates U.S. Presidents and Vice Presidents • Declaration of Independence, U.S. Constitution • All U.S. colleges and universities • Indo-European language chart • German, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek and Russian alphabets.

[RETAIL PRICE: $25]

...in a short experimental membership

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy three Club choices within a year

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THIS EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP will prove, *by your own experience*, how effectual membership in the Club is in building a comprehensive home library.

FIRST, you have **a wide choice among the important new books**, from some 200 Selections and Alternates offered by the Book-of-the-Month Club during the year.

SECOND, as a result, you keep from missing the new books you are eager to read. Whatever book you choose you have in your home, where it invites reading, instead of remaining only a "good intention."

THIRD, you benefit from **a continuing economy** because of the Club's large editions. Members' prices for Selections and Alternates are on the average **20% less than retail prices.** Besides this immediate saving on the books you order, you gain far greater savings from the Club's unique Book-Dividend plan.

IF YOU CONTINUE after this experimental membership, you receive a Book-Dividend Credit with every book you buy. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes—entitles you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes. Since its inauguration, **$375,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Club members under this system.**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A127-9-1
345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, billing me only $5.00. I agree to purchase at least three monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after this trial, I will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described above. (A small charge is added to all shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books at *a special combined price*. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... 7-12

City..... *Zone*..... *State*.....

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $9.00, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Second class **postage paid at Washington, D. C.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

Laggard America

★ In 1938 New Zealand instituted a single comprehensive social security system aimed at insuring everyone against want. It lumped several pension plans into a program not matched for comprehensiveness by any other Western nation. This is currently taking about 11 percent of national income. The equivalent percentage of US national income would be $70 billions.

At the opposite extreme is the US. "By 1957," says Christopher Green in a new Brookings Institution book, *Negative Taxes and the Poverty Problem*, "some 30 nations had one or another form of family allowance. Now, the US is the only Western industrialized nation with no system of family allowances."

Over the border, Canadá has family allowances. The US alone doesn't have them. But it does have riots.

The doodling 90th Congress hasn't decided yet what to do about racial disorder. A year ago Republicans gained 47 seats; they promptly made common cause with southern conservatives over professions of their leaders that they wouldn't, and Congress lapsed into its old-time mediocrity. The liberal 89th – Goldwater's spectacular gift to the nation – remains hardly a memory.

In its first knee-jerk reaction, the 90th Congress came out angrily against riots and for rats. Now it has cooled off. But it is inconceivable that it will even consider the radical three-part changes that we regard as necessary and inevitable, sooner or later: licensing firearms; family allowances (or negative income tax); and making the government the employer of last resort.

The Budget Bureau estimates 45 percent of all Negroes are "poor." Some eight million citizens, many now in the third generation, live on welfare: total federal-state-local cost – $8 billions. The Labor Department found Negro unemployment this summer in nine major cities 9.4 percent, and if "underemployment" is included, an incredible 33.9 percent.

That's the story. The Negro husband can't support a family and justify his masculinity in terms of goods in the acquisitive society. Demographically this results in matriarchy, illegitimacy, and a reckless birth rate: "biological anarchy," some call it.

The city riots show the Negroes aren't going to accept this condition and, whether we like it or not, they have found a weapon. It would be a lot cheaper for laggard America in the long run to follow the welfare pattern of every other industrialized Western nation toward family allowances. Personally, we have no doubt this ultimately will be done.

From Bad to Republican

★ Meanwhile, the 90th Congress is worth considering. It is now on its final stretch before recess. It's ultimate score won't be very good but probably less bad than it now looks. If Mr. Johnson is defeated next year, as he may well be because of Vietnam, the 91st Congress will be Republican. What kind of a record will it supply?

General Eisenhower brought in the GOP in the last overturn of that sort. The poor man was so confused that he had no program ready and wasted the first critical year. Maybe that was good, because the Old Guard wanted him to repeal 20 years of social reform. They wanted him to turn the clock back; Ike merely stopped it.

This is a poor Congress and a Republican one would be worse. Here's the GOP House record of opposition on some key votes: Rent supplements, 93 percent opposed; model cities, 84 percent; Civil Rights Act (1966) 84 percent; food stamp plan, 70 percent opposed; and so on.

Few Republicans are racists in the sense of their Dixiecrat allies; they just don't want to spend money and believe in sinister conspiracies. When it comes to aiding the hungry in Mississippi the two roads reach the same destination. The 11 Southern Democratic senators who voted against confirmation of Thurgood Marshall as the first Negro on the Supreme Court did not oppose him on racial grounds; oh, no – hypocrisy is the tribute that bigotry pays to public opinion.

The Entrenched Minority

★ These 11 votes show the continuing power of the entrenched southern minority. All the votes were from the South (and included Sen. Thurmond, S.C., the lone Republican). Eastland is chairman of the Judiciary Committee; Ellender of Agriculture; Hill of Labor and Public Welfare; Russell Long of Finance; Sparkman of Banking and Currency. Ten Southern Democrats against Marshall and they include five chairmanships of the Senate's dozen major committees.

As to politics in general, trends continue in a pre-election year atmosphere. Many think GOP front runners Romney and Nixon will knock each other off in the primaries, opening the way for a dark horse: Rockefeller, Reagan or Percy. Bumbling Romney recently explained that his support of "open housing" at Flint was a "slip of the tongue" (Michigan already has open housing, he said) and now charges he was "brainwashed" in Vietnam. He says officials did it on his 1965 visit there with nine other governors. In 1965 he supported US involvement as "morally right and necessary." Now, he says, "I have changed my mind."

Governor Reagan, for his part, with admirable flexibility has risen above consistency. After denouncing former Gov. Brown as a "big spender" and promising reduced taxes, he has increased taxes and set a record in spending. California apparently loves it and polls show increased popularity. Other polls: Mr. Johnson's popularity among farmers is down to 40 percent (*Gallup*); only 2 percent among Iowans support Johnson's handling of the war (*Des Moines Register & Tribune*); George Wallace's prospective candidacy will take twice as many GOP as Democratic votes, and will consequently damage Republicans if he runs (*Louis Harris*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 157 Number 12 Issue 2755 September 16, 1967*
Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1967 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item 8. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

A Vote for Peace

CONTENTS

COMMENT 5-7
A Vote for Peace, ITT's Press Relations, Freedom of What?

Mrs. Gandhi's Headaches
– *N. J. Nanporia* 8

Freak-Out in Chicago
– *James Ridgeway* 9

Plot and Counter-Plot
– *Keith Kyle* 13

Nigeria's Civil War
– *Russell Warren Howe* 16

FEIFFER 17

An American Dreamer
– *Stanley Kauffmann* 18

BOOKS – *Reviews by Irving Howe, Honor Tracy, Gerald W. Johnson* 19

CORRESPONDENCE 29

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Books and Arts Editor – Robert Evett
Associate Literary Editor – Stanley Kauffmann
Associate Editors – James Ridgeway, David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone
Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, Frederick Gutheim, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Pauline Kael, Andrew Kopkind

Publisher – Garth Hite
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Nobody in his senses can doubt that's what the South Vietnam elections were, a cry for peace. Now the question is, how to get it? The election dark horse who finished a strong second, Truong Dinh Dzu, the Saigon lawyer, got his 800,000-odd votes by demanding a halt to American bombing of both North and South Vietnam, and peace talks with Hanoi and with the National Liberation Front, the political voice-box of the guerrilla bands in the South. Unfortunately, the relatively poor showing of the generals' ticket – Thieu and Ky admit they got a lot fewer votes than they had overconfidently counted on – may encourage North Vietnam to stiffen up, even though the North Vietnamese prime minister, Pham Van Dong, reiterated the day before the elections that Hanoi could negotiate if the bombing stopped. No matter what the Vietnamese think or want, only this country can halt the bombing. The decision has to be President Johnson's. However, should he refuse to call a halt before November 1968, not he but George Romney or somebody may be in a position to do so thereafter, for the sands of this war are running out in this country. "Never in the history of the Republic," says Senator Church, "has so much been sacrificed for so little" as in Vietnam. Senator Jackson suggests that the main battlefield of Vietnam may now be American public opinion. If the South Vietnam election results do harden Hanoi's attitude and so make negotiations more difficult, the case of the American hawks isn't really improved, and Mr. Johnson's position certainly isn't eased. With anti-war sentiment swiftly growing both here and in South Vietnam, the President may well find that the best way to soften up Hanoi isn't to go on with the futile bombing but to end it, in which case Hanoi would have to fish or cut bait. As things are, if the bombing goes on, North Vietnam has demonstrated it can take it and may prefer to wait out the tenures of both Lyndon Johnson and President Thieu before agreeing to negotiate.

It was pretty bold of Dzu to call so strongly for peace, considering that before and during the election there was a heavy government ban on "neutralists" as well as communists. But he evidently knew what he was doing. Even the generals themselves sensed the peace mood of the voters. General Thieu said on August 8 that if he were elected maybe the very first thing he'd do would be to propose peace talks to Hanoi. This got such a big hand that, three days later, Thieu promised that after the elections he'd seek a one-week bombing pause from Washington. He wasn't prepared to promise discussions with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Liberation Front until August 27, on which day, however, he revealed he'd be ready (if elected) to "meet any" representatives of the Front. But candidate Dzu always went one better. The Front, he explained, is "composed of communists, nationalists and dissatisfied people in South Vietnam. I think there is 30 percent communists in the Front [but] most of them are sincere nationalists and I am sure they, too, would like to see peace for our country."

Mr. Johnson's 22 observers of the elections returned from Saigon saying they'd found the balloting being conducted reasonably fairly, as far as they could ascertain. But as they stepped back on American soil, George Romney publicly confessed that when *he* visited South Vietnam, in late 1965, he'd been brainwashed "by the generals [and] by the diplomatic corps over there, and they do a very thorough job." The 22 observers' briefings were by Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, General William C. Westmoreland and other high-ranking American civilians and military officers. The 22, answering skeptical reporters' questions, conceded that they had been concerned only with the actual voting process, not with such pre-election happenings as the government's ban on at least two major candidates, pressure on voters by provincial and district heads to support the Thieu-Ky ticket; and abrupt arrest or dismissal of officials rash enough to favor other candidates. Even so, the Thieu-Ky ticket ended up with less than 35 percent of 83 percent of less than 33 percent of all voting-age adults in South Vietnam; for the "eligible voters" by definition excluded more than 67 percent, who are "neutralists," or communists, or who are neither but who live in districts that the Viet Cong control. Naturally, Thieu and Ky and President Johnson prefer that attention should be focused on the 83 percent figure, and that nobody should inquire too closely, "83 percent of what?" Nobody is fooled. The war in Vietnam is being waged by Americans; but the Vietnamese have voted for peace.

"All Anybody Notices Is the Dud"

ITT's Press Relations

During the ITT-ABC merger proceedings the ITT public relations people were constantly after reporters, badgering them to write stories that would make the merger look good. This came out during the hearings as an example of just how ITT might pressure ABC in its news coverage if the big conglomerate were allowed to acquire the network. Reporters were called to testify before the Federal Communications Commission. Even after that, ITT went right on, and made inquiries into the personal life of Eileen Shanahan, the *New York Times* reporter covering the story. More recently a man who said he was acting at the behest of ITT began a background investigation of James Ridgeway, who had written a critical piece about the merger in this journal. ("The Voice of ITT," July 8, 1967.) ITT denies it is making an investigation.

On August 31, James Mackey, who works for the market research department of *Army Times*, a Washington-based newspaper, called the receptionist at *The New Republic* and asked her to provide him with a little background information on Ridgeway. What sort of articles did he write, how often did they appear, did he write much on matters related to defense, how long had he worked there. He seemed interested in information about Ridgeway's personal life: what was his height and weight, what restaurants did he frequent, did he drink, was he married, and since he was, was his wife a reporter. Did she help out with his work, was he friendly with the other employees, ("Does he say good morning"), did the editor care much for him and so on.

Mackey later said he had been asked by one of the New York advertising agencies that handle ITT accounts to "find out anything, everything I could about a guy named James Ridgeway." Mackey said this came as a surprise to him since he had never been asked to do a "BI," or background information check on anybody, but since *Army Times* was keen for advertising it did

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what it could to please the advertising agencies. The newspaper has carried ITT ads in the past. Mackey said he didn't really know why the investigation was requested but it had something to do with *The New Republic's* ITT article.

ITT uses three major advertising agencies in New York: Needham, Harper & Steers; West, Weir, & Bartel, Inc.; and Doyle Dane Bernbach. Mackey refused to say which agency asked him to make the inquiries. Asked whether it was one of these three companies, he replied, "Obviously." Account executives at Needham, Harper & Steers, at West, Weir & Bartel, and at Doyle Dane Bernbach, denied asking for an investigation.

When Ridgeway asked Mackey what he was up to, Mackey said, "This is all above board as far as I know. Gee, don't think your name is Ralph Nader or anything like that."

A spokesman for ITT said, "We're not conducting any investigation of you [Ridgeway] and we have no reason to." When asked about the *Army Times'* ploy, he said, "I don't know anything about the *Army Times*. It seems to me that if you have an argument with somebody it's with them, not us."

The ITT-ABC merger is now before the US Court of Appeals in Washington. And the company has laid a steady barrage on the press; for example, Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin has opposed the merger, and for his trouble *Variety* discovered that the ITT public relations men were putting around stories with *Milwaukee Journal* reporters that Nelson would sponsor a bill to forbid newspapers from owning broadcast outlets. Since the *Journal* owns a radio and television station in Milwaukee, this apparently was supposed to set them off against Nelson. But on checking into the tip, the Wisconsin reporters found there was nothing to it. Nelson hasn't put in any such bill and says he doesn't plan to.

Freedom of What?

The Freedom of Information Act, passed 14 months ago to assure citizens better access to government information, became effective on July 4, 1967. Since that time, the loud trumpetings of the legislation's glorious promise have emitted a harsh echo: broad escape clauses that preserve the status quo ante.

A reading of the Act, with its omnivorous exemptions and voluminous regulations issued under it by each government agency, leaves one wondering whether the entire exercise serves chiefly to replace custom with more law. The Act is not applicable, for example, to (a) matters relating solely to internal agency procedures; (b) national defense and foreign policy matters accorded secrecy by executive order; (c) matters specifically exempted from disclosure by existing statutes; (d) information given in confidence such as commercial or financial information; (e) internal agency communications; and (f) matters compiled for law enforcement purposes.

True, the law grants persons who are refused information an explicit right of prompt judicial review. But the exercise of that right, which must be preceded by a tedious exhaustion of intra-agency appeals, usually devolves upon persons with the least resources for the task. Two cases illustrate the potentially massive coherence of government and business interests in rendering the Act a nullity.

The Securities and Exchange Commission has never disclosed its correspondence with the stock exchanges and the National Association of Securities Dealers. This correspondence is integral to understanding the quality of enforcement, the scope of emerging abuses, and the pressures which flow to and fro between the regulator and regulatee. SEC officials assert that the Act doesn't change a thing. They point to numerous accommodating exemptions – information given in confidence, information used for enforcement purposes and, remarkably enough, information internal to government; remarkable in view of the quasi-governmental authority delegated to the stock exchanges and NASD. What John Doe has a sufficiently focused interest to challenge this imposing embrace of private and governmental agencies?

The supersonic transport program, heavy with large government subsidy, is now in the prototype plane phase. Last January, contracts for such construction and testing were awarded to Boeing and General Electric by the Federal Aviation Agency. The FAA wants $197 million from Congress for the first year's expenditures under these contracts. Given highly disputed issues of economics, sonic boom, extent of total government subsidy and recoupment, some people may want to look at these contracts. They cannot. The FAA has refused disclosure of the *entire* contracts because, the agency claims, both Boeing and General Electric have objected to letting the public see in detail how these contracts relate to this tax-funded civilian transport project. When asked to elaborate, both companies plead corporate privacy.

Rep. John Moss (D, Calif.), the father of the Freedom of Information Act, has been collecting instances of agency refusals to divulge. If the Act is to be something more than a cosmetic which is continually reapplied by government rhetoric, Mr. Moss will have to open investigatory hearings.

In addition, the mass media could serve their interests as well as the public's by exercising their right of judicial review once in a while. So far, however, all is quiet on that front.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Gandhi's Headaches

Is India Grinding To a Halt?

Bombay

The problems of India are ruthlessly fundamental: for example, not a question of a little more or less food, but of starvation. Similarly, the problem of leadership in India is not just one of prescribing a course of action and steering the country along it, but of fighting disintegration within a federal system in which nine out of seventeen states have rejected the ruling Congress party. The momentum inherited from the British is grinding to a halt. Such credit as India had on August 15, 1947 has been exhausted. It is at this point that "independence" may perhaps be truly said to begin. How has the Indira Gandhi government responded to the challenge?

Mrs. Gandhi was steered into the prime ministership by the President of the Congress party, Kamaraj, in opposition to Morarji Desai. This maneuver presumably was dictated by the conviction that Nehru's daughter would ensure a greater degree of party unity than Morarji Desai, who is abrasive and controversial. During the period before the elections, Indira Gandhi was almost painfully anxious to present herself as a "decisive" leader. There was an uneasy impression, however, that she had been accepted less as a leader than as a pliable symbol of party unity.

A "kitchen cabinet" was contrived by the prime minister to assert her "independence" both of the Congress party president and of the higher bureaucrats and unreconciled ministers. The "kitchen cabinet" consisted of a number of unofficial "advisers" and a few ministers close to Mrs. Gandhi. They apparently felt that an initiative was expected of India on Vietnam. This was the genesis of a proposal calling for an end to bombing, convening the Geneva conference, and withdrawal of all foreign forces from Vietnam.

In the communiqué issued shortly after Mrs. Gandhi's visit to Moscow, special emphasis was given to a "joint call" for an immediate end to US bombing of North Vietnam. The communiqué further contained such phrases as "aggresssive actions of imperialists and other reactionary forces," which implied that New Delhi had lent itself to a cold war maneuver. There was, not for the first time, a sort of naive belief that, provided India remained basically "left" for Moscow and basically "right" for the United States, all was well for New Delhi's foreign policy. The "initiative" had little impact other than to expose New Delhi in a humiliating contradiction.

The impression of disarray was confirmed by such instances of "decisiveness" as devalution of the Indian rupee, for which little or no preparatory work was undertaken and whose consequences were left to unfold themselves with no effort to control them. Kamaraj's view that the Congress party should have been more closely consulted on this issue marked the beginnings of a political estrangement that has not been healed since.

Such partiality for expediency and for anything designed to create the impression of "decisiveness" has – in the context of the country's failure to feed itself, of increasing dependence on foreign aid, and of shortages and rising prices – deprived the Center of the authority it once had. Elections have resulted in more than half the states coming under non-Congress rule.

The party belatedly decided that factional infighting was something it could not afford, but it then sought to close its ranks by buying off the critics by including them in the cabinet. Among those included was Morarji Desai, but he is not one to be "bought" in any sense of the word, and already it is apparent that in terms of an image of well-calculated, decisive and purposeful leadership, Morarji Desai is well ahead of Indira Gandhi. In parliament, in statements to the press and at meetings of the parliamentary party's executive, it is he who tends to dominate.

But Desai seems to believe that India can either enjoy the glory of sticking to its "principles" and theories and running the risk of disintegrating with them, or else the country can opt for pragmatism, at least until economic recovery enables it to indulge its theories again. In India, the pragmatist is least wanted when most required. The Congress party is trying to rehabilitate itself on socialist slogans. Hence the agitation for "social control" of banking and for state trading in imports and exports and in foodgrains. There is a torrent of words in support of "social control of banking though New Delhi already has all the powers it needs to dictate credit policy. State trading would disrupt normal channels for foodgrains at a time when what's needed is greater production rather than nationalization, and when evidence accumulates of mismanagement in the public sector.

There are strikes of one kind or another in nearly all sectors of the economy, in an atmosphere in which the margin between discontent and open violence is being rapidly narrowed. This has been accompanied by intensified regional chauvinism, to the point where states are withholding cooperation with the Center and among themselves on such matters as language policy and movement of foodgrains. Under these pressures there are indications of serious unrest within the Congress party against the present leadership, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gradual disappearance of the "kitchen cabinet." A sort of compensating movement initiated by the prime minister to restore the cabinet as an authoritative policy-making body appears to have strengthened the positions of Morarji and Y. B. Chavan, but the foreign minister, M. C. Chagla, resigned in protest over a government move to replace the teaching of English in schools with Indian regional languages within five years. Mr. Chagla said the plan threatened Indian unity.

The clumsy inefficiency with which New Delhi reacted to the Middle East crisis and committed itself unthinkingly to uncritical support of the Arab bloc provoked the party executive into severe criticism of Mrs. Gandhi. Many in the party and government hierarchy are unhappy with a foreign policy that seems unrelated to any conceivable Indian interest. New Delhi continues to base its policy toward the United States on the supposition that economic aid from that country is the sole object. No attention has been given to the possibility of political understanding between Washington and New Delhi on Asian issues. A good monsoon will help ease the economic strain, but this can never be a substitute for the political vision which New Delhi lacks.

N. J. NANPORIA

MR. NANPORIA *is editor of* The Times of India.

Freak-Out in Chicago

The National Conference of New Politics

by James Ridgeway

"It was twenty years ago today / Henry Wallace taught the band to play"

Chicago

Even before The New Politics Convention began, in the palatial ballroom of the Palmer House, some black militants broke away into a black caucus which met in secrecy to determine what role, if any, they would play in what looked to be yet another white, middle-class, lib-lab gathering which was more interested in the peace ticket than the ghetto.

Most of the convention's time was spent playing games with the black caucus. When the caucus began, it apparently was dominated by local Chicago separatist theoreticians. As time went on they left and were replaced by more moderate sorts, including people from SNCC, CORE, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. In the end, there were 150 members. At first the nationalists were inclined to get all the blacks to leave the convention. But they failed in this endeavor, largely because of the shrewd efforts of members of the W. E. B. Du Bois Club and the Communist Party. (It was old-home week for the communists, who were out in the open for the first time in years and having a good time. They were the most conservative element present, and were dreadfully out of style.) The old left, including the communists and the Du Bois Club people, wanted to keep the blacks in the convention in the interests of promoting a third ticket to run against Johnson in 1968, in other words, to create a popular front.

In the pop-political atmosphere of this convention, the people who lined up for a third ticket included, in addition to the communists and the Du Bois Club representatives, who worked hard for the scheme, old labor leaders, the Californians who had campaigned for Robert Scheer, and the peace people, all of whom thought they could make more headway at home by organizing around a national candidate to oppose Johnson.

Against running a third ticket were many of the younger white, middle-class radicals, people from SDS, various community workers, southern student organizers, and a large contingent who had come from the Vietnam Summer project. Vietnam Summer was a movement involving 26,000 volunteer organizers in 700 local projects all over the country, aimed at various grass roots organizing against the war. These groups eventually formed a white radical caucus. They don't feel a third ticket makes much sense. Many are dubious about the value of electoral politics, in any case, as a means to radical ends. For example, some radicals argue, administrative jobs carry the real power in America, and what matters is getting at the people who man them. Most of these people have worked at building community projects which they hope eventually will work well enough so they can be joined in regional alliances of some sort, which in turn might be put to the radical ends of redistributing political and economic power. This is a long way off and they all admit it. In addition, the white radicals are turning their attention more now to the white middle class, seeking ways

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to organize them, whether it be around the war, strip mining, dealings in the South, air pollution, conservation, technology's impact in the white-collar factories. Consequently, there isn't much interest among this group in becoming distracted from the work at hand, by running a third ticket. At first, in the absence of the blacks, this younger group was able to prevail in the convention, and, by a narrow two-vote margin, beat off a proposal for a popular front ticket, and instead won the convention's primary support for local organizing.

But the third-ticket crowd were not dead yet. Their ploy was to make a trade-off with the black caucus. In return for getting the black caucus real power in the convention, they expected the blacks to line up as a swing vote behind the third ticket.

Word from the Secret Caucus

There were about 2,000 delegates filling the grand ballroom of the Palmer House, and scarcely a black face to be seen among them, when on Saturday the blacks sent word out of their secret caucus that they would be willing to participate if the white delegates accepted in toto a list of certain demands which started out as follows:

"We, as black people, believe that the United States system is committed to the practice of genocide, social degradation, to the denial of political and social self-determination of black people, and cannot reform itself. There must be revolutionary change. Revolutionary change does not mean systematic exclusion of blacks from the decision-making process as was done here in this convention." The demands included 50 percent black representation on all committees, support for all national liberation wars around the world, in Vietnam as well as Latin America and southern Africa, the reinstatement of Adam Clayton Powell to his congressional seat, supporting black control of black political groups in black communities, making "immediate reparation for the historic, physical, sexual, mental, and economic exploitation of black people," setting up white "civilizing committees" to change people like the late George Lincoln Rockwell and President Johnson, rebuilding the ghettoes, and supporting all the resolutions emanating from the recent black power conference in Newark. (This is a neat trick, since nobody can remember what the Newark black power resolutions said, and some of them were, in fact, secret. One, however, urged a federal guaranteed wage or else promised that the blacks would disrupt the economy.)

One of the demands read, "condemn the imperialistic Zionist war; its condemnation does not imply anti-Semitism." So eager were the whites for the blacks that they wildly applauded the demands, then voted by a three to one margin to adopt them. This angered some Jews who had financially supported the convention, and they walked out. (But walking out of The New Politics Convention didn't mean much, because the people who walked out kept walking back in, so they could walk out again.)

At last the black caucus came away from its locked room, and its 150-some members sat in a special section, roped off with a red sash from the rest of the delegates. Nobody could ever figure out who these blacks were supposed to represent. Carlos Russell, a former Brooklyn poverty worker, and chairman of the black caucus, said the group did not pretend to represent black people all over the country. Since the black caucus now had 50 percent representation on all committees of the convention, the problem was to see how many votes the convention itself would give the black caucus as a unit on the floor. The blacks demanded half of all votes, which, under the weighted voting system, would have given them 28,498. The other 2,000 white delegates representing several different states would share 28,498 votes. Since the black caucus voted as a unit, this meant that one man held half the convention's votes. In its subsequent debates, most of the proponents of this deal were either communists or members of the Du Bois Club. Some people from the Vietnam Summer project spoke half-heartedly against it, but in the end, as a gesture of support for the blacks, the white radicals also came out for the 50 percent deal. So again, with infectious masochism, the whites voted two to one to give the blacks what they wanted.

Now, according to the theory, the black caucus could repay its debt to the popular front types and swing behind the third ticket, but the nationalist theoreticians in the black caucus had already gone home; its membership had changed, and after a sharp bit of behind-the-scenes politicking, the white radicals helped persuade the majority of the blacks to come out for local organizing; the third ticket people had had it for good. The convention finally endorsed local organizing and included in the resolution a section giving states which want to run third party candidates against Johnson the option of doing so. This is likely to make some sense in California, where the Scheer people may be able to make something of a third ticket, but not elsewhere.

Apart from the bush league politics that went on behind the scenes at the New Politics Convention, little of substance came out of the meeting. Martin Luther King made the keynote speech, which was such a bore to the delegates that they started to walk out of the hall ten minutes before it was finished. A woman who didn't care for King stood in the rear and offered to bump him off for $19.95. Floyd McKissick, the chairman of CORE, and, for the whites, the new black power hero, addressed the assemblage. He sounds tough and radical in general, but in fact in his specific testimony

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before Congress last fall, McKissick came out for such modest New Deal type reform measures as public works programs – that sort of thing. More important, McKissick makes only a feeble attempt to connect the Vietnam war with the liberation of the American ghetto. He looked impressive, surrounded by colorfully clad bodyguards. (Bodyguards are very much in vogue among the blacks these days; if you don't have at least two, you're not worth much.)

James Foreman, the International Affairs Director of SNCC, now is concerned with liberating Southern Africa, particularly South Africa, from the whites. He asked for a boycott of GM cars since the company operates in South Africa, and warned his brothers and sisters that they may well have to be prepared to go to Africa to help fight with the guerrillas in South Africa for that country's freedom. Foreman has a sense of humor, but he did go on endlessly reading one tedious telegram after another that had been sent off to various Africans demanding this or that. Even with the bodyguards to help out, the whites began to squirm in their chairs.

Rap Brown was supposed to speak, but in the end he sent word that he could only address his black brothers and sisters in the privacy of the black caucus. There he was reported to have said that, "Lyndon Baines Johnson was Hitler's illegitimate child, and J. Edgar Hoover his [Hitler's] sister."

As for the convention scene, it was pandemonium. The day Brown was to appear the delegates milled as usual around the ballroom entrance, which had been partitioned off that afternoon for a very splendid Jewish wedding. In the middle of all this, Brown emerged from his private meeting with the black caucus; a *Chicago Tribune* reporter took a picture of him and, for his trouble, got a pasting by Brown's bodyguards. Meanwhile, gangs of teenyboppers roamed throughout the hotel at night. One group of teenagers knocked on the door of the convention's parliamentarian. On his opening it, they pushed him inside the room, tied him up with sheets, and stole his wallet and his typewriter. Two representatives from Tass, looking very much like the men from Smersh, moved slyly among the crowd. An affable man from the Bulgarian News Service argued with a reporter from *The Worker*.

A hippy from San Francisco appeared but was refused permission to speak, which refusal was immediately denounced by one of the radicals as undemocratic. From time to time the hippy appeared playing a flute, and told delegates as best he could that he thought they were off base. At first his name card identified him as FREE but later he changed it to DEAD. Actually, he said, his name was David.

The delegates kept referring to the convention rules and finally David picked up a copy of them and said, "What is all this bullshit? I'm not like most of you people, I take a lot of risks. That's where it's at, man. If you want to free yourself, free this country, nobody is going to do it for you. Nobody, you, only you. Everyone of you is going to have to step out, step out of all this bullshit that has been pounded into you by the many prisons you have stepped willingly into – the prison of education, the prison of politics which you are still in. You dig? I don't know whether this makes any sense to you all. Take your own life in your hands. It's yours. No one else's. Represent yourself. You are free. Dig? You're free to do anything you want. It's like we got a choice, man. We're approaching the pinnacle. Every day in the papers it looks clearer and clearer that President Johnson is flying out more into distant space. Red China – 600 million people – and we can't even talk to them. I've never seen a Red Chinese. I've never looked in his eyes and said 'where are you at, brother'."

Another fellow who said he was from the Apolitical Freaks from San Francisco drew attention to himself at a press conference by starting to remove his clothes. The New Politics representatives, however, prevented him from disrobing entirely.

Moving Moment

Although the war was meant to be one reason for calling the New Politics Convention, it never got discussed except for one quite moving moment, again by the Du Bois Club, when Ronald Lockman, a young black private, dressed in his infantry uniform, was introduced amid wild cheering to say that he would not go to Vietnam. Lockman said, "I am to report to Oakland, California, September 13 to leave for Vietnam. My position on my orders is simply, no. I won't go. I can't go. I will not be used any longer. My fighting is back home in Philadelphia's ghettoes where I was born and raised. I will not be sent 10,000 miles away from home to be used as a tool of the aggressors of the Vietnamese people. I feel that it is time to follow my own mind and to do what I know is right. I think most of the fellows in my company, white and black, fear the war but they also fear the military structure. I think most of the guys in my company support what I am doing. But they are afraid to take a stand, so I am asking for the support of people all over the nation and especially black people, the black brothers and sisters, to join me and support me in my struggle." The delegates gave Lockman a standing ovation, chanting over and over "Hell no, we won't go."

According to the Quakers Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, there are 46 men now in jail for resisting the draft, at least 12 in military stockades for refusing to obey orders to go to Vietnam, and from 3,000 to 7,000 people in Canada. The National Lawyers Guild, which also closely follows the draft resistance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movement, says there are 100 people in civilian jails and 700 in military stockades; perhaps 50 draft age men have simply gone underground. They have disappeared from the draft board. I spoke with one enlisted man at the convention who asked that neither his name nor the fort where he is stationed be used. But he described a growing irritation among enlisted men as well as officers to both the Vietnam war and to their employment in riots. He said a group of 40 men have formed, including captains and lieutenants, who had joined to help men not wanting to go to Vietnam. They also are prepared not to follow orders and not to be employed in riots, and in fact to go fight on the other side. This soldier said that one very common tactic employed within the Army was for men to repeatedly fail their medicals. One man felt so strongly against going to Vietnam that he cut off four of his fingers.

Whether any of this is representative of what is going on around the country is hard to say. A survey of draft resistance groups doesn't indicate much progress on their part. Organized draft resistance is almost all white middle class. The blacks just disappear into the ghettoes if they don't want to go into the war. On October 16 The Resistance counts on fifteen hundred people sending their draft cards back to their draft boards, and this may give a better indication of the temper of the movement.

Guards at the Door

The black caucus operated a few doors down from the main ballroom. It was closed to whites, and guards stood at the door checking the credentials of those who went in and out. Every so often a little black twerp with dyed yellow hair pushed bystanders and reporters down the hallway away from the door. At one point, delegates from the white radical caucus, which ran a completely open affair by comparison, were sent along to see whether the blacks would agree on a compromise during the third ticket negotiations. They presented their credentials and after a round of haggling with the black guards, got to sit for a time in the anteroom awaiting an audience with the supreme body itself, but it was not granted.

Carlos Russell, chairman of the black caucus, was pleased with the white acceptance of the caucus' demands. "It's the first time in a long time that the blacks have power," he said at one point. But at another point, he said that the black caucus doesn't pretend to represent black people around the country. On the other hand, James Bevel, who ran the Spring Mobilization and is regarded as a fink by the black militants, said the blacks were just playing games and he felt little security as a black if whites were to submit in such a masochistic way to violence and guilt. "You don't have to do Mickey Mouse things to prove your identity," he said. "What is really needed is to get rid of the fascist mentality in this country."

The delegates spent less than three hours discussing the "new politics." Except for passing resolutions urging immediate withdrawal of the troops from Vietnam, supporting the struggle of Mexican Americans and the poor of Appalachia, backing Adam Clayton Powell in his fight for reinstatement in Congress, a vague resolution on draft resistance, and drawing plans for demonstrations to "disrupt the Pentagon war machine" on October 21, they did nothing at all but argue about the role of the black caucus.

The convention made fools of the new left and Vietnam Summer people, or, to put it in their own "rhetoric," they were "co-opted" by playing the very same games they try to oppose when they are used by the two major political parties. Their victory was in keeping the black caucus from being taken over by the old left, which would have looked in the press like a victory for the communists, and opened up the new political movement to red baiting. This is a victory for the benefit of the press, a piece of pure McLuhanism at best.

The convention made fools as well of the serious militant blacks who were struggling to build up some kind of community institutions in the black ghettoes, the people who in fact are trying to make some meaning of black power. At the end, all the substantive problems of the new politics were passed along to a 26-man steering committee, which was to look into developing local organizing, and the possibilities of running third tickets against Johnson in a few states.

Nonetheless, both white and black leadership of the convention retired from their labors convinced that, out of their four-day trip, the groundwork had been laid for the new politics in America. The proceedings, they readily agreed, were farcical, but then so is life. The handout to the black caucus was a "symbol," a gesture of goodwill, necessary for establishing two wings of the political movement. At best this unstructured event had at last achieved unity between black and white, a base for political activity. At worst, it was an amusing five-day trip in camp politics, which had no significance.

But, for some of us who have held out hope for the future of the radical political reconstruction in America, our despair was not so much in watching this fantasy as in quite suddenly realizing that neither the new nor the old left takes America seriously. Amidst the hilarity on the convention floor, a friend wrote to me two lines from Brecht: "A man who laughs / Has simply not yet received the terrible news."

It is indeed the worst of times, and the National Conference of New Politics destroyed what was left of our hope and we are alone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plot and Counter-Plot

What Happened in the Congo

by Keith Kyle

Moise Tshombe, the former prime minister of the Congo, was hijacked over the Mediterranean on June 30, the very day he had chosen for an operation for the overthrow of his political enemy, Congolese President Joseph-Desire Mobutu. A large sum in cash – around $200,000 – was found afterwards in Palma, Majorca, in the hotel room of Francis Bodenan, the Frenchman the Algerians say carried out the kidnap operation.

Last year, Tshombe returned to voluntary exile in Europe, following the seizure of power by Mobutu in November 1965. Tshombe was not in immediate danger of arrest, but to withdraw abroad was his normal response to a political setback. It brought him closer to his source of finance, the enormous bank account he built up in Switzerland during his period as "Chief of State" of secessionist Katanga. It also brought him in touch with the major European financial interests which saw in him a much more sympathetic ruler of the Congo than Mobutu was rapidly turning out to be.

Tshombe's villa in Madrid had numerous visitors. They included double agents, plausible rogues who would propose elaborate schemes, get a substantial advance from the famous Swiss bank account, then sell the information for another sizable sum to the Congolese government.

Last July a serious attempt was made by white mercenaries in collusion with Ian Smith's regime in Rhodesia to bring off a coup against Mobutu. Mercenary commandos, still employed by the Congolese government now headed by Mobutu, were actively engaged in "pacifying" great tracts of remote country in the east and northeast where left-wing *simba* rebels were at large. At the same time, however, the Mobutu regime was making a sharp political tack to the left. This did not loosen Mobutu's close diplomatic links with the United States, Formosa and Israel, but did involve him in a sharp confrontation with the major Belgian financial interests in the Congo, including the celebrated *Union Miniere* which ran the copper mines in Katanga. The Belgians did not hesitate to spread the word that "communist" influences were coming into the ascendant, and so Tshombe's backers thought conditions were ripe for the overthrow of the Mobutu regime. This was to be undertaken by the mercenary forces already in the Eastern Congo, with their African allies the former Katangese gendarmes who had been been incorporated into the Congolese National Army (the ANC) at the end of secession.

Colonel Bob Denard, the leading French mercenary, would seize Kisangani (the former Stanleyville); a Belgian, Major Jean Schramme, would take Bukavu. In addition and simultaneously, 70 men would land at the main airports of Lubumbashi (Elisabethville) and Kinshasa (Leopoldville) and capture them with the help of supporters already in those cities. The leaders were to get $42,000 each. Much of the planning of this operation was done in the Rhodesian capital. Salisbury, where two of Tshombe's top European advisers, Professor René Clemens and Mario Spandre, who had both been expelled from the Congo, the moment Tshombe had been dismissed from the premiership, had taken up residence.

It was, however, at the Rhodesian end that the conspiracy began to fall apart. There was a feud between two of the top English-speaking mercenaries. One officer considered the scheme for seizing the Lubumbashi airport was inviting disaster, because it involved landing 70 unarmed men, out of uniform, from a civilian plane and having them subsequently supplied with weapons. Because of these dissensions – and just possibly because one or two mercenaries had a qualm of conscience about turning on Mobutu while they were still receiving his pay – the conspiracy was disclosed to the Congolese government. Colonel Denard, who was in Kinshasa at the time, was tipped off; he rushed back to his headquarters in Kisangani and cancelled the operation. These fresh instructions did not reach Watsa, in the far northeast, in time to prevent a column of Katangese and mercenaries from marching on Kisangani. The discontent of the Katangese troops was a factor the plotters had taken into account but which was difficult to contain now that the plot had to be unwound. The assassination of the unpopular Congolese Army commander at Kisangani, which was to be the signal to start the mutiny, took place as planned despite Denard's efforts.

In the end the mutiny was put down peacefully – and with the help of Denard who was able to cover his

KEITH KYLE *is a Fellow of the Institute of Politics at Harvard University and is writing a book on the Congo.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tracks sufficiently for the Congolese government to decide to give him the benefit of the doubt and continue to employ him. But the experience convinced Mobutu he must get rid of at least the English-speaking (mainly Rhodesian and South African) mercenaries as soon as possible. This also fitted in with his broader political strategy. He had continued to employ the mercenaries because he needed them for the destruction of the *simba* rebellion and for securing the main frontier posts with Uganda and the Sudan. But the next stage was to enlist the willing help of neighboring countries in sealing off the frontiers from the communist arms traffic which was sustaining the rebels, and this could be done only if the Congolese government impressed Africa as a whole as a genuine nationalist regime.

Backed by the CIA

Mobutu himself has been strongly backed by the Americans, especially the CIA's top Congo expert, Lawrence Devlin, ever since 1960. He had to prove he was not a western stooge. The noisier his quarrel with the Belgians, the more successfully he would be purging himself of this reputation. The other heads of state in Africa were sufficiently impressed by his performance to accept his invitation to stage the September 1967 session of the OAU (Organization of African Unity) annual "summit" at the Congolese capital of Kinshasa. President Mobutu made up his mind that by the time these other African leaders arrived as his guests, he would have cleared the ledger of the Congo's embarrassments. The Katangese copper mines would be firmly in the Congo's own hands. The country's security would be guaranteed. The white mercenaries would have disappeared. And Mobutu determined that another account also would be closed in time for the September deadline: that of Moise Tshombe.

While Tshombe plotted away in his Madrid villa, under the watchful eyes of the CIA, whose reports regularly kept the Mobutu regime on the alert, the Congolese government was deciding to use against him some of his own medicine. The State Department has officially denied Tshombe's allegation before the Algerian Supreme Court that the CIA actually laid on the kidnap plot on Mobutu's behalf. It may well not have done so, since an able and energetic man like Bernardin Mungul-Kiaka, then the Congolese resident minister of state in Brussels, would have been perfectly capable of making the necessary contacts on his own account. The informal American position is that President Mobutu confessed responsibility to the Americans immediately after the hijacking of Tshombe.

Last March the Congolese government put Tshombe on trial *(in absentia)* before a military tribunal, alongside Katangese officers and one civilian held directly responsible for the Kisangani mutiny of the previous year. Since Tshombe was living in Madrid he was invited, through the Spanish government, either to attend trial in person, or send a representative to present his defense. The invitation was ignored. Tshombe was condemned to death. Arrangements were secretly made to ensure that the sentence be executed in Kinshasa. It was originally intended that Tshombe be produced in Kinshasa on June 8. He would be kidnapped and brought through Algiers but there would be no publicity until his arrival in the Congolese capital. A number of agents had been commissioned for the task so that if one scheme failed another could be attempted. Mungul-Kiaka, who had just been appointed secretary-general of President Mobutu's brand-new political party the MPR, was in Algiers in the last days of May to prepare the ground. Only three top Algerians knew of the plot: President Boumedienne, the Minister of Justice and the *Chef de Sureté*. Apparently the Congolese were satisfied that these three would forward the "package" to Kinshasa without publicity or delay.

The first deadline passed because the first version of the plot misfired. The next intention was to unveil Tshombe in Kinshasa on June 30, Congo's Independence Day. In fact it was not until that day that he was seized, over the Mediterranean.

Tshombe's own plotting had by now reached a fairly advanced stage. According to General Mobutu's subsequent statement, Colonel Denard had been to see Tshombe in February, at Madrid. Denard took elaborate steps to conceal the visit, but Mobutu claims to have received news of it (presumably through the CIA). The colonel was stopped at Kinshasa on his way back and closely interrogated, but was finally allowed back to Kisangani.

Probably at this point Mobutu decided to abandon a scheme he had hitherto approved. This was that the large, remote but highly fertile areas in the far east which were hardest to keep pacified were to be settled and administered by carefully selected Europeans who would have a reserve military obligation in case of further trouble from the left-wing rebels. The pilot scheme had been launched by the Belgian ex-planter, Major Jean Schramme, in the Punia/Lobutu area. No doubt reluctantly, since Denard and Schramme seemed to offer the most effective answer to the danger from the left, Mobutu concluded that they themselves constituted an unacceptable security risk from the right. They too would have to go.

Meanwhile Tshombe had become persuaded that Madrid was not a secure place for him. Some of his contacts refused to meet him there for fear of the CIA and, ironically enough, recommended Majorca.

Tshombe appears to have put out the contract for overthrowing Mobutu to competitive tender. There were at least two plans, one of them predominantly Belgian, the other predominantly Rhodesian/South Af-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rican. The former concentrated on reestablishing a base for Tshombe in Katanga, the latter on a sharp, quick operation, using 300 men operating in small commandos, to take Kinshasa in one blow.

Tshombe had been to Majorca more than once, to meet those who were putting up schemes, to debate the details, to call for progress on preliminary arrangements, to play one *entrepreneur* off against another. Francis Bodenan, the French ex-convict, appears to have been in the thick of all this plotting. He was certainly an agent of the Congolese government. What is not clear is whether his involvement with Tshombe's schemes was a cover or whether he himself did not decide until the very last moment which side he was going to serve. It is only possible to obtain a one-sided account of the transactions on the critical day, June 30, at Palma, because the other parties are incarcerated in Algeria.

In the morning, apparently, Tshombe indicated clearly that he was going to accept the scheme for a direct attack on Kinshasa. Denard and Schramme would simultaneously take over Kisangani and Bukavu. While the white commandos would be enough to dispose of Mobutu and his leading supporters and secure the key points in the capital, Katangese troops would need to be flown in to provide a sufficient garrison for the city. There was some discussion about terms, the date for the operation and the deposit of cash in advance. Tshombe promised to complete these transactions that evening on his return. He did not return.

Tshombe was kidnapped in midair and arrived, a prisoner, in Algiers. The event, if not the date, would have been no surprise to President Boumedienne. But the circumstances were quite different from those which had been anticipated. In between there had occurred the traumatic experience for the whole Arab world of the crushing six days' defeat at the hands of Israel. The Arab states – and particularly Algeria which was moving to take over the nationalist leadership from Egypt – were casting around for any diplomatic weapon with which to compensate for their military catastrophe. Moreover, the original scheme had provided for Tshombe's *secret* transfer through Algiers to Kinshasa. What had not been foreseen was that the British co-pilot would be able to get out radio messages stating what was happening and confirming that Tshombe was on board. It was therefore no longer possible to keep Tshombe's presence in Algiers a secret.

It is possible that President Boumedienne had planned all along, ever since first hearing about the matter from Mungul-Kiaka, to exact a high political price from President Mobutu for forwarding his prisoner. It is equally possible that he had intended to cooperate fully with the plot but that the absence of secrecy combined with the excitable atmosphere created by the Middle Eastern war made this impossible. Whichever was true, there can be no doubt about the toughness of Algerian bargaining in the event. When Mungul-Kiaka was sent to collect the prize, he found that every time he raised the matter the price was increased. In the end Algeria insisted not only on a complete diplomatic and military breach between the Congo and Israel, but also on a total realignment of the Congo's international posture in the UN and elsewhere, and a general amnesty of left-wing politicians like Gbenye, Gizenga, Mulele and Soumialot and the thousands of *simba* guerrillas who took refuge in countries bordering on the Congo.

One need hardly elaborate on the effect which a combination of such a left-wing amnesty and the execution of Moise Tshombe would have on American public opinion. The Johnson Administration would be unable to give further support to the Mobutu regime. A breach with the Israelis would also be no merely symbolic loss: it was in Israel that General Mobutu himself passed out as a paratrooper while he was Chief of Staff of the Congolese National Army, and, both in Israel and the Congo, Israeli instructors have been more effective than those of any other nation in training Congolese officers and troops. It is indeed on his Israeli-trained paracommandos that Mobutu depends.

What the Algerian demands amounted to was that the Congolese president should create an unbridgeable gulf between himself and his two most reliable friends, the United States and Israel. Mobutu was prepared to make some symbolic gestures at the UN as payment on account – he publicly repudiated his UN ambassador for having voted the wrong way on one of the motions on the Arab-Israeli war that was before the General Assembly, and later the Congo appeared in unusual company for one or two such votes. But he was not prepared to go further, all the less so in that, five days after Tshombe's seizure, the mercenaries in the Congo struck in Kisangani and Bukavu more or less according to their part in the plans which Tshombe had been considering. In this emergency, President Mobutu appealed for support from the United States. This came swiftly in the form of a US Strike Command unit of three C130s. It was hardly the moment to choose to offend the Americans.

A Nice Quiet Execution

Americans have long been divided into two camps on the Congo, some believing that only a regime in which Tshombe takes part can bring stability, while others are prepared to go all the way with the "Binza group" (General Mobutu, Justin Bomboko, Victor Nendaka). The US Embassy at Kinshasa, while no doubt forwarding Mobutu private advice not to execute Tshombe, did not give the impression of being unduly put out when that advice was rejected. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans' main anxiety seemed to be that there should not be a public execution (as there had been of Tshombe's immediate successor as prime minister, Evariste Kimba) and, since Mobutu's own sampling of Congolese public opinion had convinced him that this would be counter-productive, they were fairly confident of carrying their point. But a nice quiet execution in private immediately after Tshombe's delivery from Algiers would not cause much of a stir and would be regretted by few except for some sections of Tshombe's own tribe in Katanga.

The tone, however, changed perceptibly, as it was borne in upon the State Department how serious were the political requirements being laid down by the Algerians. In effect, Mobutu was being told that since he was asking for this favor as between one "revolutionary African" and another, let him start behaving as if he really was a "revolutionary African." Mobutu did not take kindly to this treatment. While on the one hand slapping down anyone like the unfortunate Tanzanian ambassador, who delivered a plea for Tshombe's life, Mobutu made his reaction to political blackmail abundantly clear. In an exclusive interview with (of all people) the *Agence France Presse*, he managed at one and the same time to denounce "international high finance" for its interference in the Congo, and to praise the United States to the skies for having been the one disinterested force in the Congo ever since 1960. Soon afterwards, he made the entire diplomatic corps in Kinshasa turn out to see him invested with the Order of the Auspicious Clouds, by the foreign minister of the Republic of China on behalf of Chiang Kai-shek. And Mobutu appeared for this ceremony wearing his Israeli paratroopers' wings prominently on his uniform.

But President Mobutu's main concern was still with the rapidly approaching September deadline. On September 14, the seventh anniversary of his first coup, when he blocked Patrice Lumumba's struggle to retain power, Mobutu was scheduled to receive his distinguished OAU guests in an entirely new suburb of Kinshasa which had been specially built to accommodate them. Less than 150 miles away is the border with Portuguese Angola, from which any desperate attempt by mercenaries to disrupt the conference would be most likely to come. For weeks and months, wherever ex-Congolese mercenaries gathered together – in Brussels, in London's Earl's Court, in Salisbury, Johannesburg and presumably amongst Schramme's force in Bukavu – fantasies were woven about the theme of a dashing assault on the "OAU precinct" just as the conference was assembling. Perhaps equally damaging to Mobutu, politically, would be an attack, even of a less ambitious kind, just before the conference was due to start, causing heads of state hastily to cancel their reservations.

There was some reason to think that Tshombe's arrest had caused sufficient confusion among the anti-Mobutu, pro-Tshombe plotters – for example, about who can obtain access to that Swiss bank account – to prevent anything untoward happening in Kinshasa this month. But it would have been unwise to count on it. Mobutu and his backers, including the State Department and the CIA, were having a worrying time.

Nigeria's Civil War

Racial antagonisms afflict the whole southern half of Africa, sections of which are peeling like an onion, tribe from tribe.

Thus Biafra – formerly Eastern Nigeria – seized independence May 30, after a year of partly chosen, partly imposed isolation and on July 7, the self-proclaimed Republic of Biafra was invaded by the Nigerian army.

Nigeria is principally big on people – 62.5 million of them, increasing by nearly 1.5 million yearly. One black African in four is a Nigerian. Now Nigeria is in the midst of a savage civil war with overtones of genocide.

At the mention of disassembling large political units, bells seem to go off in the American mind. After all, America's own example shows that former colonies can successfully amalgamate. But idealizing on this one example is reaching for a law within the core of an exception. The 13 American colonies were monolingual and monoreligious; more important, they had just been united by the adversity and idealism of war against a common enemy.

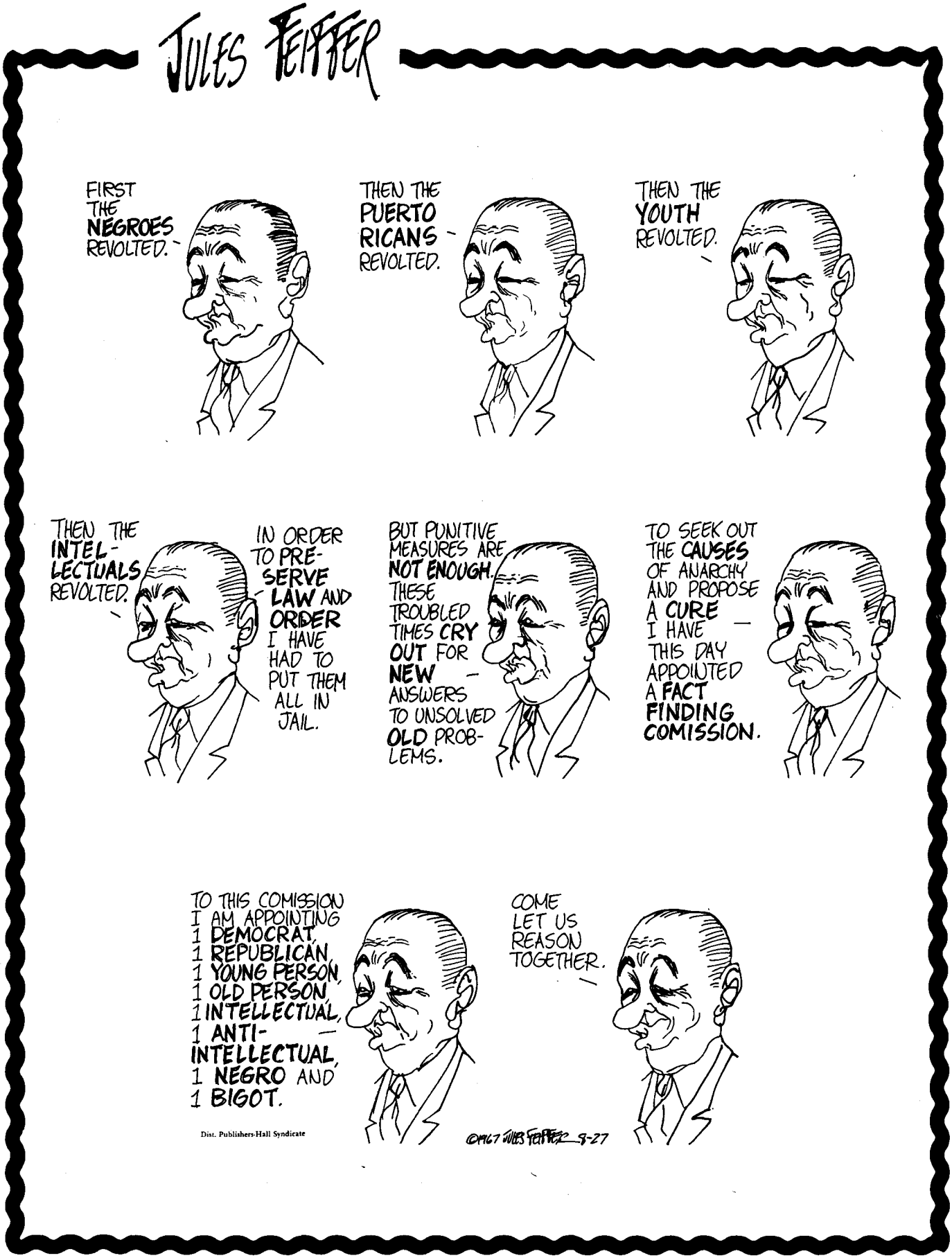
The achievement of Turkish, British, French, Portuguese and Belgian colonial rules was to systematize 2,000 African principalities and 5,000 languages into a mere 50 countries and half a dozen language groups. To expect that these artificial entities will all survive the withdrawal of colonial force is unreasonable – nor, apparently, is any reason ever produced why anything more than economic integration is required.

To paraphrase de Gaulle, the goal should now be *l'Afrique des patries*. Scandinavia, Benelux and even EEC work because they are economic, not political confederations. Africa has tried its hand at unifying sovereignties: limping federations exist between English and French Cameroons, between Tanganyika and Zanzibar and between British Somaliland and Italian Somalia: of these, only the latter has a reasonable chance of survival – because it is monotribal. Mali grouped first four, then three, then two countries, then only one. Guinea-Ghana Union never progressed beyond the stage of a communiqué. The ambitious pan-Africanisms of colonial governors – Nigeria, the Congo – are not practical.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER


FIRST THE NEGROES REVOLTED.
THEN THE PUERTO RICANS REVOLTED.
THEN THE YOUTH REVOLTED.
THEN THE INTEL-LECTUALS REVOLTED.
IN ORDER TO PRE-SERVE LAW AND ORDER I HAVE HAD TO PUT THEM ALL IN JAIL.
BUT PUNITIVE MEASURES ARE NOT ENOUGH. THESE TROUBLED TIMES CRY OUT FOR NEW — ANSWERS TO UNSOLVED OLD PROB-LEMS.
TO SEEK OUT THE CAUSES OF ANARCHY AND PROPOSE A CURE — I HAVE THIS DAY APPOINTED A FACT FINDING COMISSION.
TO THIS COMISSION I AM APPOINTING 1 DEMOCRAT, 1 REPUBLICAN, 1 YOUNG PERSON, 1 OLD PERSON, 1 INTELLECTUAL, 1 ANTI-INTELLECTUAL, 1 NEGRO AND 1 BIGOT.
COME LET US REASON TOGETHER.
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate
©1967 JULES FEIFFER 9-27

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN *An American Dreamer*

Comment on Norman Mailer has become an active subsidiary of the US literary industry, even between reviews of his new books. Partly, this is because Mailer is as much of an epitome as he is a creator or thinker. Consciously and self-consciously and willy-nilly, he epitomizes much of our American condition; and one of the things he epitomizes is the American inability – as artists, as intellectuals, as individuals – to handle our material.

His new novel, frantic with disgusts that plague many of us, signals some stalemates and poses even before we begin it. It is called *Why Are We in Vietnam?**, and the first thing the publisher tells us on the front flap is that it has nothing to do with Vietnam. It has 208 puffed-out pages and costs $4.95. The back of the jacket has two pictures of the author: one is a black and white photograph at a conventional arty angle, the other a color photo of Mailer with a black eye. The caption for these pictures is "Will the Real Norman Mailer Stand Up?" The question is inappropriate. Both are the real Mailer; each is Mailer truth and Mailer vaudeville.

The book is narrated (for the most part) by the caricature 18-year-old son of a caricature Texas millionaire. The youth alternates interludes about himself and his family with chapters about a bear hunt in Alaska on which he accompanies his father and some friends. To synopsize the book thus is in a sense to misrepresent it; nevertheless I add that its climax is a scene of communion between father and son – off alone from the rest of the party – high in the silent Alaskan mountains. After the fever of the hunt has been aroused and fed, these two come closer than they have ever been before.

> ". . . As the hour went by and the lights shifted, something in the radiance of the North went into them, and owned their fear, some communion of telepathies and new powers, and they were twins, never to be near as lovers again, but killer brothers, owned by something, prince of darkness, lord of light, they did not know. . . ."

This passage, which might have come from Jack London, further misrepresents the book by misrepresenting its style. (This may be the longest passage without a taboo word.) Nevertheless it is, structurally, the apex of the book.

What Mailer means the book to be about is its texture – free-wheeling, obscene, rocking-rolling, sometimes funny, rambling (one sentence runs four-and-a-half pages), as it tries to sweep *everything* along – everything in this boy's experience, fantasy, hope, and loathing of himself, his father, his mother, and his environment. As Mailer sweeps, he is also trying to give us a phantasmagoric Texas-eye view of the America we are in. Despite its continuous sweat to be lively, the book is sometimes alive. This novel comes as close as any of Mailer's fiction to "action" writing – an encounter between man and typewriter to see what comes out of the machine; but because the man is Mailer, even his gabbling on paper captures much of the money-missiles-missionary modern temper.

The hunt, as a metaphor of the disguised violence of money-making civilization and of surviving tribal instincts, was a cliché of course even before Hemingway. The climactic idea – the dross of the Age of Plastic swept away in a moment of elemental truth among elemental things – is a sentimental one that contradicts the hip tone of the book. In that view my summary and my quotation are not distortions.

But that is not the whole story – the whole literal or figurative story. For it is the sentimental core, as much as the hipness, that makes Mailer what he is. Fundamentally that sentiment is an interest in the perfectibility of man (an interest that dates Mailer). That sentiment is what has driven him to so many roles in the last 20 years: Mailer as Dos Passos or as Nathanael West or as James Baldwin or as William Burroughs. The present book is Mailer as Berkeley undergraduate. The catalogue of roles (here incomplete) is an index of Mailer's responsiveness and involvement. The variety, the constant pressure and search, set him apart from those who remain in one role or another: certify his conviction of perfectibility. And his successive frustration in each role is part of the archetypal frustration of the age.

Basically the new novel fails because his new role fails Mailer. He makes clear the American mental state that produced the Vietnam war and that is driving the narrator ultimately to Vietnam. (The last line: "Vietnam, hot damn.") The details are sharp. The persistent shock language becomes a kind of rhythm section in the band, pulsing the work along. But it is the role that shreds in Mailer's hands. The book quickly ceases to be an expression of the narrator's frustrations; it becomes another instance of the author's frustration in setting some course in the torrent around him. Instead of being concerned with the subject matter, we are constantly aware of Mailer improvising, tootling, vamping till ready. He never does get ready. The net effect is of clever faking – not in what he says (which, as such, is thoroughly true) but in his use of it for this novel, in this new role.

So the book is not about an artist's despair with the world but about his despair as an artist. When the pyrotechnics fade, there is Mailer just as lost as any of us, more lost than most because he is more engaged than most. His failures in fiction, like *An American Dream* and this book, are more naked than most serious failures because when he plunges, he plunges completely. But it is always a *role* that he plunges into, and none of them so far has been the role or the self that he needs, the way to let it all out or take it all in. "Only connect," advised E. M. Forster. "*Only!*" says Norman Mailer.

* *Why Are We in Vietnam?* by Norman Mailer (Putnam; $4.95).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beliefs of the Masters

by Irving Howe

Fifteen years ago this book would have raised a storm of debate among our younger English instructors and those graduate students influenced by the New Criticism. Writers like Eliot, Yeats and Lawrence were accredited culture-heroes of the literary young, and attacks upon or even analyses of their political views were likely to be dismissed as gross, Marxistic or most

The Reactionaries
by John Harrison
(Shocken; $6)

damning of all, "unliterary." When evidence was marshalled to show that these writers had flirted with authoritarian outlooks and movements, there would usually be two kinds of reply: first, that it didn't really matter since the political views of the great modernist writers were of small importance (an estimate not shared by these writers themselves), and second, that the political statements of poets and novelists had to be accorded a special reading, one that avoids the sin of the literal and in which the usual criteria for judging an argument are relaxed in behalf of "the imagination." In the literary discussions of the fifties, "the imagination" was allotted an absolute sovereignty, beyond check or challenge and sometimes beyond specification.

By now, all this has changed. Young people interested in literature have, so far as I can tell, no special concern for Eliot, Yeats and Pound, though a few still celebrate Lawrence. They tend to look upon the literary "modernism" of the last 75 or 100 years as a period tucked away in a dim past. Feeling no particular kinship with the masters of literary modernism, they experience little distress at learning that Pound was a propagandist for fascism, Yeats harbored authoritarian visions, and Eliot several times verged on or crossed into anti-Semitism.

For readers of my generation, however, such facts were extremely painful. We looked upon "The Waste Land" as the voice of our age; it was more than a poem, more even than a great poem; it spoke for us in a profoundly intimate and authoritative way. How then could we reconcile ourselves to Eliot's nastiness about "Bleistein with a cigar" or his proclaimed admiration for Charles Maurras, the French theorist of authoritarianism? Dilemmas of this kind forced many critics into convolutions and ingenuities concerning "the problem of belief" – by which was meant, among other things, the problem of maintaining a separation, in analysis if not always in response, between the literary work itself and offensive doctrines that might animate or course through it.

For middle-aged readers Mr. Harrison's book comes, therefore, as a sharp reminder of unfinished business. The "problem of belief," like most intellectual difficulties, was never really resolved, nor could it be; what happened was that both writers and readers grew weary of it. Yet such questions have a way of lodging themselves in a corner of one's mind and breaking out again with renewed force. No sooner did *The Reactionaries* appear than several distinguished literary men – Philip Rahv, Stephen Spender, Denis Donoghue – wrote extended reviews in which they turned back to the politics of the modern masters. And reading Mr. Harrison's book has also brought me back to the passions of a decade or two ago.

What Mr. Harrison has done is to bring together material more or less familiar, material drawn from both the literary works and public statements of Eliot, Yeats, Lawrence, Pound and Wyndham Lewis, and then to offer speculations as to what drove writers of such eminence to opinions so appalling and inhumane. *The Reactionaries* is a civilized book, not a rant or a philippic; but finally it is not as good as it ought to be. Mr. Harrison writes in that bluff, lowkeyed and no-nonsense manner which has recently been affected by English writers who consider themselves admirers of Orwell, enemies of establishment gentility, and stalwarts of hygienic provincialism. Since, however, Mr. Harrison has chosen to tackle a subject that is extremely complicated and often beyond the reach of red-brick common sense, the result is a book inadequate to the problems it casts out. Nevertheless I am glad to have it, if only because it does raise questions which both the formalist critics of yesterday and the literary swingers of today prefer to avoid.

Yeats yearned for an aristocracy of spirit and perhaps blood, which would return Ireland to the dignity he associated with an age (not clearly located) of nobles and peasants united in mutual responsibility. He hated the commercial spirit:

> A levelling, rancorous, rational sort
> of mind
> That never looked out of the eyes
> of a saint
> Or out of a drunkard's eye. All's
> Whiggery now,
> But we old men are massed against
> the world.

Yeats was never at ease with common humanity and his peasants were mostly creatures of fantasy. What stirred him was contempt for the petty egotism of the middle class, its calculations and lack of heroic temper. He was impatient with the patience of humanity, and like many other European intellectuals, he had no use for the sluggishness of flesh. For the creaky apparatus of the modern state he snapped out his distaste:

> A statesman is an easy man,
> He tells his lies by rote;
> A journalist makes up his lies
> And takes you by the throat;
> So stay at home and drink your beer
> And let the neighbors vote.

Yeats mourned the loss of "the old religion of the Irish with its magical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view of nature, its unbounded sorrow at the universal victory of old age and decay, the ultimate rejection of nature by the lonely spirit of man." Hoping for an ordered hierarchical state that would be ruled by a natural aristocracy, he turned in 1932-3, not in action but sentiment, to the Blueshirts of O'Duffy, the leader of Irish fascism. "A fascist opposition is forming behind the scenes," he wrote. "There is so little in our stocking that we are ready at any moment to turn it inside out, and how can we not feel emulous when we see Hitler juggling with his sausage of stocking. Our chosen color is blue, and blue shirts are marching about all over the country."

The case of Eliot is more complicated. Possessed of a literary culture both more learned and more deracinated than that of Yeats, Eliot could not satisfy himself with the particularities, or the eccentricities, of a national tradition. In his most serious intellectual phase, Eliot wanted a return to the classical culture of Christian Europe; but he also understood, at least as well as his secular critics, that such a return was highly improbable. He was not nearly so ideological as Pound and he clung to fewer historical fantasies than Yeats; a more contemplative man than either, he had no interest in organized movements, with or without shirts. Yet his despair over the quality of the civilization in which he lived, his conviction that without religion all modern cultures must end in sterility and nihilism, and his own difficulties in establishing a firm grip upon the faith to which he aspired – all these led to outbreaks of what might be called apocalyptic irritation, as for example in the disgraceful passage about the Jews in *After Strange Gods*. Whatever his other virtues – and they were notable – Eliot found it hard to ease his soul into Christian charity toward the slobs, sensualists and slack-minded agnostics he saw populating the modern world.

Intellectually, however, Eliot was far more serious than the self-deluded Yeats or the hapless Pound, a midwestern provincial let loose in the inferno of Europe. Eliot had a better sense of the historical dynamics of mass society; he understood that the aspects of modern industrialism and urbanism he detested were probably irrevocable; and he therefore thought in terms not of mass movements or anointed leaders but of a saving remnant, a devoted semi-monastic minority which would hold fast to the Christian word through the oncoming dark ages. Given the desperation of this project, it is hardly any wonder that Eliot lapsed into rhetorical excesses and occasional nastiness.

The other writers discussed by Mr. Harrison are, politically, less interesting. Pound was free of the snobbism and aristocratic pretensions of Eliot and Yeats, but except in regard to some literary matters, he simply could not think. And Lawrence is also somewhat special: not really political at all. Much of what he cried forth – his blood-cult, his bullying contempt for the weak, his painful effort to establish himself as a prophetic hero – seems to me intolerable and vicious. But while all this has its obvious political implications, Lawrence was so idiosyncratic a figure, and as a writer often so vibrantly attuned to human needs and

Competitive Interference and 20th Century Diplomacy
Richard W. Cottam
$5.95

A superb theoretical study of the use in modern diplomacy of counter-insurgency and political, economic and psychological manipulations that go far beyond the traditional roles of diplomacy between countries. Dr. Cottam discusses the Central Intelligence Agency's role in these affairs and the failure of our diplomats and policy makers to grasp completely the meaning of this nuclear age diplomacy.

By the same author:

Nationalism in Iran
Richard W. Cottam
$6.00

"Highly recommended."—CHOICE
". . . a good and very useful book."—THE WESTERN POLITICAL QUARTERLY
"This is a book to be commended enthusiastically to the layman and specialist alike."—THE MIDDLE EAST JOURNAL

Other related books published by the Press:

The Warped Vision: British Foreign Policy, 1933-39
Margaret George
$6.00

". . . a perceptive and . . . persuasive analysis of the motives behind British foreign policy in the years before the Second World War."—AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW

Dance of the Millions: Military Rule and the Social Revolution in Colombia
Vernon Lee Fluharty
Pitt Paperback-21 $2.95

". . . a thoughtful, documented, but controversial study."—ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre Recording Society invites you to take
the David Merrick presentation of the Royal Shakespeare Company in

MARAT/SADE

FREE

with your first selection as a Society member

ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM
COMPLETE
ON THREE 12-INCH LONGPLAYING RECORDS
Reg. $18.85 retail
(Your choice of Stereo or Monaural)

Now enjoy the greatest works of theatre from Shakespeare to Tennessee Williams in original cast recordings you will treasure forever.

To receive at once your uncut original cast recording of MARAT/SADE—on three 12-inch longplaying records – mail the coupon below. This $18.85 retail value is yours as a free gift to introduce you to the benefits of membership in the Theatre Recording Society.

Broadway startled by new kind of drama

If you were lucky enough to be a first-nighter at MARAT/SADE you will never forget the shattering force with which this play hit the unsuspecting theatregoer. Even critics emerged visibly whitened—and called it the most soul-shaking experience of their professional careers.

Now this exciting adventure in "total theatre" has been captured for all time *on superb longplaying records.* Here in turbulent *drama,* wry political satire, and bawdy Brechtian song is the seething lunatic asylum at Charenton, presided over by the most fascinating lunatic of all — the Marquis de Sade. And every volt of opening-night electricity is now brought to your living room—by the same inspired cast that brought it to the Broadway stage. *The full text of the play will be included, handsomely bound as a separate volume.*

Great plays, recorded by great stars, for those who love and appreciate great theatre.

As a member of the Theatre Recording Society you will have an opportunity to collect the world's greatest plays by Sophocles, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Chekhov, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Jean Genet and other masters of drama. Featured performers include Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Julie Harris, Ralph Richardson, Judith Anderson, Lee J. Cobb, Siobhan McKenna, Paul Scofield and many others among the most important stars of our time. Each complete play will be beautifully boxed and contain a lavishly illustrated Production Folio with notes by eminent authorities.

The finest players of our time

Laurence Olivier

Julie Harris

Jessica Tandy

Montgomery Clift

Members pay only the Society's low price—and save 33⅓%

Though Society recordings sell for up to $24.80 per set at retail, members pay only the low price of just over $4.00 per record plus shipping and handling. Your only obligation is to accept as few as four plays over the next two years from the many offered. *There is no extra charge for Stereo.*

Claim your free MARAT/SADE — retail value $18.85

Mail the coupon to receive your free 3-record set of MARAT/SADE plus your first Society selection (chosen from coupon) for which you will be billed later. If not completely delighted, you may return the shipment within 10 days and your trial membership will be cancelled without obligation. Mail the coupon today.

◀ INCLUDED AT NO EXTRA COST

Lavish Production Folio illustrating cast, Broadway stage production and historical background of play in more than 30 photographs and engravings. A collector's item.

PLUS ▶

Complete 116-page text of MARAT/SADE with music and lyrics to all 12 songs.

ALSO FREE if you act promptly

James Joyce's ULYSSES "... the soliloquies of Molly Bloom and Leopold Bloom" read by SIOBHAN McKENNA and E. G. MARSHALL

RETAIL PRICE $5.95 12-inch 33⅓ RPM longplaying record

THEATRE RECORDING SOCIETY
400 Community Drive, Manhasset, L. I., N.Y. 11030

Please send my free 3-record MARAT/SADE ($18.85 retail value). Also send my first Society selection (chosen from those listed below) for which you will bill me later—and enroll me as a trial member. In addition to my first selection, my only obligation is to accept as few as four plays over the next two years at the Society's low price of just over $4.00 a record plus shipping and handling. If not completely delighted with MARAT/SADE I may return introductory shipment within 10 days and my membership will be cancelled without obligation.

Canadian and foreign prices slightly higher.

☐ FREE: Include the $5.95 LP record album of James Joyce's ULYSSES as my bonus for prompt action.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please send records in ☐ Mono ☐ Stereo

I have checked my first Society selection below:

☐ **Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams.** Retail price $12.90. My price only $8.90 plus shipping and handling.

☐ **Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller.** Retail price $18.85. My price only $12.90 plus shipping and handling.

☐ **Caesar and Cleopatra by Bernard Shaw.** Retail price $12.90. My price only $8.90 plus shipping and handling. NEB1667

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depths, that it will not do simply to pin him with a political label.

What was it that drove many writers in the modernist era toward one or another form of authoritarianism? Mr. Harrison provides a clue when he suggests that they "were really interested in society only in so far as it would allow the arts to flourish." Eliot would largely have to be exempted from this charge, but in the main Mr. Harrison seems right. The "reactionaries" hoped that an authoritarian state would restore an earlier cultural grandeur, real or imaginary; they yearned for style in life and art, distinction in bearing, honor in relationships, decorum in conduct – all the versions of order modern society conspicuously lacks. They knew little about what fascism would mean, any more than most of the left-wing writers knew what Stalinism would mean; and with the exception of Pound they neither supported nor were actively involved with fascism once it came to power. To that extent, their records are somewhat better than those of certain writers who continued to defend Stalinism long after its criminal brutality had become obvious.

What can, however, be charged against the "reactionaries" is intellectual dilettantism, arrogance and irresponsibility. Yeats would never have dared talk about metrics with the ignorance he showed in talking about politics, nor Pound about diction with the ignorance he showed about economics. They assumed that because they were eminent writers they had special qualifications for speaking on social topics. They said things that would have been laughed away by the intellectual public if coming from anyone but famous writers. They arrogated to themselves an authority they had not earned. They played with fire and did not even know it. The detachment of a Joyce, even in the years when political choices were desperately needed, seems by comparison a stance of honor and humaneness. Years earlier Yeats had written:

> I think it better that at times like these
> We poets keep our mouths shut; for in truth
> We have no gift to set a statesman right.

But he did not remember or heed his own words.

Still, this is by no means the whole story: the defense is still to be heard. In a formidable attack on Mr. Harrison's book (*Commentary*, August 1967) Denis Donoghue writes:

> ". . . Mr. Harrison cannot conceive of a profound case that might be directed against the kind of mass society which we have today, or the kind of democracy which determined English life between the wars. He does not understand the sense in which liberal democratic life is, as Pound called it, 'a mess of mush.' Or the forces which drove Yeats to write 'Lapis Lazuli', or anyone at all to conceive 'a sympathy with the abyss'."

Fair enough. Mr. Harrison does not sufficiently grasp, and having been born in 1937 perhaps he cannot grasp, the justified revulsion which almost all the writers of the modernist generation felt toward bourgeois Europe. Surely this was a major source of their imaginative energy: Eliot's nightmare of the wasteland, Lawrence's horror before the English mining town, Yeats' contempt for an age that must "engender in the ditch."

These were the shared perceptions of the time: shared by writers of both left and right, by writers without politics, and even by such old-fashioned liberals as E. M. Forster. But more. Insofar as the reaction of the modernist writers took a cultural form, it was extremely valuable for their criticism of bourgeois civilization. They enjoyed the vantage-point of criticism from the rear, in the name of tried verities and proven glories; they had at their command the token and sediments of tradition; and they spoke for a sense of community which, no matter how illusory it may now seem, enabled them to dramatize the moral shoddiness of Europe. All of this hardly constitutes an adequate politics, and could easily lead, as in fact it did, to political delusion and adventurism, most notably through the assumption that the categories of the literary imagination could readily be transferred to political analysis. But for the "reactionary" writers simply as writers, the stance they took often brought critical strength and sharpness of perspective.

Still more can be said in their behalf. Mr. Harrison operates mostly with abstract ideas or details of a literary text; and he is ingenuous enough to claim that he can demonstrate "the relationship between the 'tendency' of these five writers and their literary style, also their literary principles." Were he in fact able to do this, he would become at one stroke the greatest critic of our time; but of course he cannot. Style is at once too impersonal, the consequence of a received tradition, and too personal, the signature of a unique individual, to permit any decisive correlation with political "tendency." There is, however, in the work of novelists and poets an intermediary area, between overarching ideology and local style, which has to do with their deepest sense of human existence: their biases, insights, emotions, barely-articulated values. In trying to locate this area we speak, awkwardly but perhaps unavoidably, of a writer's vision, that quality of his work

The executive strong-arm as a last resort

PRESIDENTIAL SEIZURE IN LABOR DISPUTES

by John L. Blackman, Jr.

In cases of deadlocked labor disputes involving the national interest, four American presidents have resorted to seizure of private companies to prevent or halt work stoppages. This first thorough study of the subject based on official and private records, archives, interviews, and correspondence – focuses on presidential policy and its effect during government possession and operation in the seventy-one seizure cases to date. All the alternative coercive measures utilized by presidents to force uninterrupted production are carefully examined. *Wertheim Publications in Industrial Relations.* $10.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the description of which ideological pattern is too gross and *stylistic* detail too fine. Precisely here did Eliot, Yeats and Lawrence manifest their greatness as writers, in the sense of human dilemma and possibility that is embodied in their best work. What emerges in their poems and novels is often in conflict with their abstract statements, and almost always to the benefit of the poems and novels.

Having gone this far with Mr. Donoghue, I want to go a step farther and turn his argument against him. In the decade between the Paris Commune and the Second World War both right- and left-wing intellectuals were gravely mistaken – and I would add, morally at fault – in their easy and contemptuous dismissal of liberalism. That the society which they saw as the tangible embodiment of bourgeois liberalism required the most scathing criticism and attack, I do not for a moment question. But they failed utterly to estimate the limits of what was historically possible or relevant in their time, as they failed, even more importantly, to consider what the consequences might be of their intemperate attacks upon liberalism. These attacks could never restore ancient glories, but they might help usher in modern barbarism. It was all very well to denounce bourgeois liberalism as a "mess of mush," for so it often was, and worse too; but to assault the vulnerable foundations of democracy meant to bring into play social forces repressive in a way the writers could not – or at least did not – foresee. There were, as it turned out, far worse things in the world than a "mess of mush."

Nor am I indulging in mere retrospective wisdom. Writers so vastly different as E. M. Forster and Bertrand Russell (in his *Theory and Practice of Bolshevism*) warned of the frightful consequences of that apocalyptic nihilism – that brutal haste to destroy democratic institutions and values but recently created and inherently precarious – which was shared by writers of both the far right and far left. (One weakness of Mr. Harrison's book is the absence – if only as an analytic "control" – of the Stalinist intellectuals, quite as deadly enemies of democracy as the "reactionaries" and often a good deal more active in their enmity.)

The society of bourgeois Europe, as everyone sensed, was overripe for deep-going social change. But the assumptions that such change required a trampling on liberal values in the name of hierarchical order or proletarian dictatorship and that liberal values were inseparable from cultural decadence and capitalist economy – these proved a disaster beyond reckoning. Beyond reckoning! In the joy and brutality of their verbal violence, the intellectuals did not realize how profound a stake they had in preserving the norms of liberalism. They felt free to sneer at liberalism because, in a sense, they remained within its psychological orbit: they could not really imagine its destruction and took for granted that they would continue to enjoy its shelter. Even the most authoritarian among them, on both right and left, could not foresee a situation in which *their* freedom as writers would be destroyed. Dreaming of natural aristocrats, they helped pave the way for maniac *Lumpen*. They had inherited and then grotesquely magnified the critique of liberalism which had been a major intellectual activity of the 19th century; they joined to it a hostility toward "the mob," a disdain for the masses stifling and bored in the cities; but they failed utterly to consider that the assault upon liberalism in which they joined so voraciously might lead to unwished-for consequences, as this assault would sweep away both scruples and hopes in the tide of totalitarianism. There are times when the price of fecklessness runs high.

But is it not too much to ask that in an age of chaos and disintegration, writers honor the kind of distinctions I have here suggested? No, it is not too much, either for 1937 or 1967. For if writers are not intransigent in defense of liberty, who then will be?

Precisely their extreme awareness of the depths of crisis to which liberal bourgeois society had sunk should have led the "reactionaries" – and the radicals also – to see the absolute value of liberal norms and procedures, those norms and procedures which transcend and should survive any particular form of society. And in fact there were writers who remained true to the heritage of Western humanism, even as

NEW SOUTH

The Southern Regional Council, distinguished for more than two decades as a leading voice of reason in the South and as a consistently reliable source of information and research on southern race relations, offers you a unique subscription opportunity.

NEW SOUTH, published quarterly by the Council, brings you not only the lively personal insights of nationally-known writers, but also presents in brief, hard-hitting reports, capsules of significant news events (those reported in the press and frequently those that are not) about the South and race in each of the eleven southern states.

For those who want to know what is going on in the South, the round-up section alone, we think, is worth the modest subscription rate.

Send your subscription to Southern Regional Council, Inc., 5 Forsyth Street, N.W. Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

$3.00 annually, payable by check or money order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHECKMATE

The concept is unique: an entirely new, all-stereo label, devoted to interpretations of the great monuments of Western music—featuring eminent European musicians and conductors —recorded in Europe employing revolutionary new engineering techniques—magnificently packaged and annotated—and selling at a suggested retail price of $3.50.

CHECKMATE: A label desirable by definition... whatever you may own or require, you will want CHECKMATE Records in your collection.

CHECKMATE Records Are Technically Superior

•CHECKMATE is the first complete line of recordings to be entirely processed with the new highly-acclaimed *Dolby Noise Reduction System* which means that there is NO measurable sound on CHECKMATE master tapes which was not part of the original microphoned signal. Thus, CHECKMATE master tapes are *microphone clean.*

•CHECKMATE disc masters are *processed from the original multi-channel stereo master tapes* without the mixes and recopyings which degrade the sound of most commercial recordings.

•CHECKMATE disc masters are cut by a special time-consuming process—at half speed, the master tape also running at half speed. This reduction of cutting stylus speed greatly improves transfer to hard lacquer of the critical high-frequency sounds, where stylus motion is at its most extreme. Played back at normal speed, the resulting record grooves offer unprecedentedly clean and crisp sound reproduction.

•CHECKMATE records are offered *only in stereo,* and are recorded for optimum stereo effect. The master tapes are never compromised by the need for a parallel mono recording made from the same recorded channels.

Artists and Repertory

Collectors of serious music certainly require no introduction to conductors Karl Ristenpart, Charles Mackerras, and Leslie Jones, or to such orchestras as The Hamburg Philharmonic. And although it is more than probable that these collectors already own recordings of some of the masterpieces in the CHECKMATE repertoire, the technical superiority of CHECKMATE records—and their moderate price—should encourage collectors to duplicate when they must.

For those just beginning to build a basic record library, CHECKMATE's unique combination of advantages will make it *the* label to purchase with confidence, to own with pride, and to listen to with pleasure. CHECKMATE recordings are truly worthy of a king's ransom.

An innovation in look as well as sound.

CHECKMATE RECORDS are packaged in a colorful gatefold jacket designed by prize-winning Art Director, William S. Harvey. A specially commissioned work of line-art wraps around the front and back covers, and is printed again—in reverse—on the right-hand inside cover, which serves as the record pocket. This inside pocket will provide extra protection for the disc —keeping dust out, and the record *in,* no matter how the album is held. The inside left cover will contain lucid and informative liner notes by such distinguished musicologists as Edward Tatnall Canby and Bernard Jacobson.

And now you know the difference between a quality-bargain and bargain quality. For an example of the former, see CHECKMATE; for examples of the latter, see CHECKMATE's imitators. They won't be long in coming.

Another major contribution to serious music from the company that pioneered NONESUCH, quality recordings at reasonable prices.

MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED PRICE $3.50

CHECKMATE RECORDS 1855 Broadway, New York, New York 10023
the newest member of the ELEKTRA family / a reputation for quality recording for almost two decades.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dare you settle for less than the revolutionary new sound of

CHECKMATE

PREMIER RELEASES

August

JOHANNES BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 68. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. CHARLES MACKERRAS, Conductor (C-76001)

JOSEPH HAYDN: Symphony No. 100 in G Major ("Military")/Symphony No. 103 in E Flat Major ("Drum Roll"). Orchestra of London. LESLIE JONES, Conductor (C-76002)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major, Op. 55 ("EROICA"). South German Philharmonic Orchestra. KARL RISTENPART, Conductor (C-76003)

PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 36. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. CHARLES MACKERRAS, Conductor (C-76004)

September

FRANZ SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 1 in D Major/Symphony No. 2 in B Flat Major. South German Philharmonic Orchestra. KARL RISTENPART, Conductor (C-76005)

ANTONIN DVORAK: Symphony No. 8 in G Major, Op. 88. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. CHARLES MACKERRAS, Conductor (C-76006)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARTOV

A Political Biography of a Russian Social Democrat

ISRAEL GETZLER

Julius Martov (Iulii Osipovich Tsederbaum) was of the generation of the Russian alienated intelligentsia which grew up in the reaction and gloom of the 1880s, turned Marxist in the early 1890s, and supplied the leadership of Russian social democracy in the 1900s.

This is the first full study of Martov, the founder and leader of Menshevism, and of his ideas and activities in the Russian revolutionary movement and in international socialism.

Dr Getzler traces Martov's career from his apprenticeship in Vilno and St Petersburg through his friendship and partnership with Lenin, the break-up of that association and the party split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks in 1903, his role in the 1905 revolution and his later socialist activities ending with the Mensheviks in exile and his death.

Photographs and drawings $12.50

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
32 East 57 Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

they strove for a recreation of Western society. Even so nonpolitical a man as Joyce grasped intuitively the need to reject the smelly little orthodoxies of authoritarianism; he had no use for all those bullying leaders and movements; he remarked sardonically in 1934, "I am afraid poor Mr. Hitler will soon have few friends in Europe apart from my nephews, Masters W. Lewis and E. Pound"; and throughout his career he never lost his connection, however complicated and ironic, with ordinary human existence. That is why, among all the modernist writers, he now seems the most humane and the most durable. Carrying experiment further than anyone, he could also break past the rigid liberations of experiment. Wyndham Lewis, that snarling authoritarian, attacked *Ulysses* for "plainmanism" and few words of praise count as much as this one of damnation.

I know that what I have been saying in these last few paragraphs goes against the dominant notions of the fifties and sixties, the new conservatism and the new leftism, both of which – for opposite but symmetrical reasons – refuse to make the essential distinction between transient bourgeois institutions and abiding values of liberal freedom. But I do not claim that what I have said is novel or exciting; I claim only that it is true.

We Asked for Bread

by Honor Tracy

Seven Days at the Silbersteins
by Etienne Leroux
translated by Charles Eglington
(Houghton Mifflin; $4.95)

Mr. Leroux's story opens extremely well. Young Henry van Eeden is driving "with a guilelessness in which it was difficult to distinguish between luck and skill" up to Welgevonden, the landed estate of Jock Silberstein, to meet the daughter of the house, his future wife. He has had no say in the contract and has never seen her: the choice was made by his parents and the betrothal negotiated by an uncle, who accompanies him now; but he is quite content, having been brought up "to realize that love should enter into the matter only in the last instance." The two characters, "angel-faced," rather negative Henry and *bon vivant* J.J., are deftly established in a line or two, and Welgevonden, an opulent over-ornate South African mansion with a background of tropical trees and flowers, is brilliantly drawn.

The family whose heir Henry will be proves redoubtable. Grandma, the ugliest woman he ever saw, with a spade of a chin and tiny wicked black eyes, looks him over and audibly pronounces him a runtish little goy. Two drab old maidens, drinking wine like water, narrowly watch his every move. Silberstein's wife ignores him and fastens hungrily on the uncle. Salome, the bride, does not appear at all. Jock, huge, redhaired, virile, bouncy, initiates him into the family secrets and point of view.

"Do you like this wine?" he asks, producing a triangular bottle. "This same riesling we sold in an ordinary bottle at forty cents, and there was no market for it. Now, three-sided and at a hundred and fifty cents it sells like hot cakes." Thanks to imaginative business method like this, he has made a fortune and now can live in what he describes as a liberal, stimulating and civilized manner.

By now, after a mere eight pages, we have seen and heard enough of Welgevonden to realize that he is deluded. Evidently he is a kind of South African *bourgeois gentilhomme*. People, situation, writing, so far everything seems to promise a rich if mordant comedy, played out in a setting both unfamiliar and exotic.

Then Mrs. Silberstein announces that it is time to change for dinner. But the Silbersteins are already in full evening-dress. They go off to their rooms and come down again in casual tweeds or sporting clothes, and stare at Henry's neat dinner-jacket in silent disapproval. It is plainly intended to symbolize something. The novel at this point takes a sudden disastrous leap

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the air and from now on descends to earth but rarely. We are not to enjoy a comedy of manners after all: we are in for yet another portentous allegory on the dilemmas that beset modern man.

The argument is that Henry, conditioned from birth by the attitudes of his class, will have to be liberated by experience and to mature until finally he is capable of love – and all in the space of a week. Under Jock's tutelage he will explore a different side of Welgevonden on each of the seven days and attend a different party every evening. He will become aware of the stresses which underlie the calm and prosperous exterior, and which culminate in a race riot. He finds himself thinking about Salome and longing to see her, for still she does not appear. Before every party he tries to guess what clothing will be appropriate and invariably guesses wrong, so that he is always odd man out and gains from isolation individuality. He listens to the rattle of Jock's would-be intellectual cronies, weighs them up, forms his own opinion. He witnesses a sudden death.

An author is entitled to choose his method and even perhaps cannot help himself. The method may, as the subject does, impose itself on him. Yet the many good things in Mr. Leroux's book occur when he leaves the abstract for the concrete, the symbol for the substance. The religious dialogue between Judge O'Hara and Dr. Johns at the farmers' party is tediously clever-clever: the hard-bitten Afrikaners who listen, itching to intervene could they but understand a word, their faces swinging from side to side as they follow the theological tennis match, are excellent. Better than all the ruminations on apartheid is the description of African bottle-washers: "There was something attractive even in the disorder: the undisciplined trolleys, the apathetic collisions, the white smiles of enjoyment and the complete absence of a sense of time . . . they moved at the pace of lower wages, with innate carelessness." In the middle of the intellectuals' party, with everyone in full dialectical spate, we come on this:

" 'I gather a child was shot dead dur-

16 New Stanford Paperbacks

Johannes Climacus, or De Omnibus Dubitandum Est
AND A SERMON. **Sören Kierkegaard. Translated by T. H. Croxall.** "A valuable contribution to Kierkegaard studies."—Concordia Theological Monthly.
Cloth, $3.75; paper, $1.95

Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit
S. T. Coleridge. Edited by H. St. J. Hart. "Has strikingly up-to-date features which should give it considerable topical interest."—Philosophy. Cloth, $2.50; paper, $1.85

The Reasonableness of Christianity
AND A DISCOURSE OF MIRACLES. **John Locke. Edited by I. T. Ramsey.** "Ably edited and copiously annotated."—Manchester Guardian. Cloth, $2.50; paper, $1.45

The Natural History of Religion
David Hume. Edited by H. E. Root. "A minor classic. . . . Has all the celebrated clarity and incisiveness of Hume."—Philosophy. Cloth, $2.00; paper, $1.25

Lessing's Theological Writings
SELECTIONS IN TRANSLATION. **Gotthold Lessing. Translated by Henry Chadwick.** "Nine of his short treatises, all provocative."—The Times Literary Supplement.
Cloth, $2.50; paper, $1.45

The Caste War of Yucatan
Nelson Reed. "Mr. Reed has given this fascinating . . . subject the full-scale treatment it deserves."—The Times Literary Supplement. Illustrated. Cloth, $7.50; paper, $2.95

The Triumph of the English Language
Richard F. Jones. "It will remain the standard work on the subject."—Journal of English and German Philology. "Provocative and informative."—Isis.
Cloth, $8.50; paper, $2.95

Jacksonian Democracy and the Working Class
A STUDY OF THE NEW YORK WORKINGMEN'S MOVEMENT, 1829–1837. **Walter Hugins.** "A complete and dispassionate study."—The American Historical Review.
Cloth, $7.50; paper, $2.95

Japan's Decision to Surrender
Robert J. C. Butow. "Written with complete mastery of the subject, combined with rare excellence of expression."—The Review of Politics. Cloth, $5.50; paper, $2.65

Modern Tragedy
Raymond Williams. "A very impressive book indeed, at worst a valuable catalyst and at best deft, sensitive, and often brilliant."—The Yale Review.
Cloth, $5.50; paper, $2.25

Social Pressures in Informal Groups
A STUDY OF HUMAN FACTORS IN HOUSING. **Leon Festinger, Stanley Schachter, and Kurt Back.** "[An] almost classic study."—Sociology and Social Research.
Cloth, $5.00; paper, $1.95

The Decline of American Pluralism
Henry S. Kariel. "A significant book."—The Western Political Quarterly. "Original and ambitious study."—International Review of Social History.
Cloth, $7.50; paper, $2.95

Peter Oliver's "Origin and Progress of the American Rebellion"
A TORY VIEW. **Edited by Douglass Adair and John A. Schutz.** "A very useful service to scholarship. . . . Fascinatingly readable."—The American Historical Review.
Cloth, $5.50; paper, $1.95

The Political History of China, 1840–1928
Li Chien-nung. Translated and edited by Ssu-yu Teng and Jeremy Ingalls. "No other work in a Western language provides such rich and intimate detail."—Pacific Affairs.
$3.75

The Structure of Power in North China During the Five Dynasties
Wang Gungwu. "A work of capital importance. . . . It is by all odds the clearest account in any language."—Arthur F. Wright, Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies. $2.95

The May Fourth Movement
INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTION IN MODERN CHINA. **Chow Tse-tsung.** "The author has done full justice to the complexity and magnitude of his subject."—The American Historical Review. $3.45

Stanford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than just a telescope . . .
More than just a microscope

Emoskop: a complete vestpocket optical system.

ONLY $14.95 With Case

We went to Wetzlar, Germany (world capital of fine optics) to find such perfection at such a price. Remove the EMOSKOP from its fitted leather case and it is a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 2.5-power telescope (ideal for theater, field and sky) or a unique 2.5x telescope-loupe. Another twist and you have a choice of magnifying glasses: 5-, 10-, or 15-powers! ☐ The perfect vestpocket companion for exacting professionals and scientists, and all those who wish to observe anything more closely and clearly. ☐ A most discreet opera glass. ☐ If you make a fetish of quality, the EMOSKOP will do you proud. Five coated lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely flat field. ☐ Modern Photography Magazine calls the EMOSKOP ". . . the only magnifier worthy of the name." ☐ Haverhill's guarantees your satisfaction without qualification.

INSTANT ORDER BLANK

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S TNR0916
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Send me ___ ___ Emoskop Optical System(s) @ $14.95*
☐ I enclose check or M.O. plus $1.00 for post. and ins.
☐ Bill Amer. Expr. Acct. # _____
*(California residents add 5% sales tax)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____ ZIP _____

© 1965 Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

Turn of the century
PASSIONATE POSTERS

78 years old:
DOWN WITH BOOZE

95 years old:
BE SAVED BY FREE LOVE

68 years old:
CLEAN UP WALL STREET

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT with old time posters for bar, playroom, office, den, kitchen bulletin board, etc. Fascinating Instant History – by expensive facsimile reproduction process that makes each poster look like authentic original. Each at least 15" x 23" on extra-heavy stock. Carefully shipped unfolded, ready for on-the-spot mounting or handsome framing. Magnificent "final touch" for any Early American decor. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Mail now for postpaid delivery.

AULD LANG SIGN COMPANY
141 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10017
Send postpaid, uncreased and unfolded:
☐ DOWN WITH BOOZE at $2.00, postpaid
☐ BE SAVED BY FREE LOVE at $2.00, postpaid
☐ CLEAN UP WALL STREET at $2.00, postpaid
☐ Catalogue at 50¢
☐ All 3 posters for $4.95 with catalogue free.(Save $1.55)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____
rep 1
New York residents add sales tax.
Canadian residents add 40¢ for currency exchange

ing the riot', someone said. 'White or African?', asked one of the journalists, his attention aroused. 'A White child.'

"The journalist weighed this information for its news value. The decision was easy. 'What a pity', he said and held out his glass for more wine."

Mr. Leroux brings a welcome irony to bear on the liberals, with their "rowdy togetherness," their substitution of vague concern for the group – alien or distant – for love of neighbor, their earnest but futile activity, their messages and missions. Indeed, irony flashes throughout, so that now and again Mr. Leroux almost seems to poke fun at himself. The last of the parties is a witches' sabbath, complete with black mass and one of those sexual orgies that we have learned to expect, enlivened here, however, by the comments of doctor and judge, who now complain of its being old hat, now ruefully wonder if it is not they who are old. But if the author mocks, why not the reader? and that is fatal to allegory.

This lamentably modish form, in any case, is too narrow to accommodate Mr. Leroux. His many striking talents merely peep out now and again to tantalize us: we long to see them fully deployed in a true South African novel, alive with humanity, color, observation and fun.

General Grant, We Are Here

by Gerald W. Johnson

The Fourth Pyramid is now under construction and it will probably be a superior structure in workmanship, if not in mass. This is admittedly prophecy, but it is based on the reputation of the distinguished literary engineers in charge of the job. It is beyond belief that the firm of Simon, Newman, Catton & Nevins would turn out anything less than a work of high quality and this initial offering justifies the assumption.

The Papers of Ulysses S. Grant
Volume 1, 1837-1861
Edited by John Y. Simon,
with foreword by Ralph G. Newman
and prefaces by Bruce Catton
and Allan Nevins
(Southern Illinois; $15)

Reduced to dry fact, this volume is a promise that we are to have the literary remains of the eighteenth President in approximately fifteen volumes of which the first is now available. The designers and executants of the project make no claim that the news is at all sensational. In fact, they explicitly deny that the full documentary record will make any radical alteration in the picture of Grant in the heads of most Americans; the most that they expect is some shift of emphasis following full illumination of the record. One suspects that the real motivation of the project is a feeling that if other dead Pharaohs are to be encased in monumental literary structures, Grant, too, is entitled to his pyramid.

Apparently the fashion began when the late Adolph Ochs conceived the idea – and implemented it with a quarter of a million dollars later doubled by contributions from other sources – that every surviving scrap of writing connected with Thomas Jefferson should be collected, annotated, and presented creditably. Since Jefferson was by long odds the most prolific letter-writer among our more eminent political leaders, this project, still incomplete, has become the Great Pyramid, like that of Cheops topping all the rest with its projected fifty-odd volumes.

Fortunately its style, as well as its purpose, was worthy of imitation. The world can show few, if any, products of historical scholarship in a format

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe's *biography of Thomas Hardy was recently published by Macmillan.* Honor Tracy *is the author of a new novel,* Men at Work.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handsomer than that of the Jefferson papers. It applies to the binding, the paper, the type-face, but it applies with equal force to the careful and exhaustive editing and the ingenuity and convenience of the rubrics; but the volume here under consideration suggests that it may be matched and perhaps in some details excelled by the Grant papers. It certainly rivals the lordly entombment already given Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt and the start made on the pyramids of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Adams, *père et fils*.

But to what end? The production will certainly lighten the labors of future historians dealing with the period, and it may discourage the propagation of some myths, but this seems rather meager a reward for an effort so prodigious. The first volume, it is true, has a definite charm in its evocation of the manners and customs of an earlier day and its portrait of a somewhat bumbling but honest and conscientious young army officer mishandled by his superiors and eventually driven to resign his commission, partly, it would seem, by malice but chiefly by the stupidity of men who had attained a rank that they were not mentally qualified to hold. But this charm is literary without historical significance, and the volume ends just as Grant steps upon the national stage.

But it was on that stage that he achieved the curious form of immortality that history has awarded the Roman Galba. We are aware of three facts about Galba – he fought well, he died well, and he ruled badly. Suetonius admits him among the Twelve Caesars, and he was deemed worthy of Plutarch's attention, but Tacitus fixed his niche in history with the remark that he was a man whom all the world would have thought worthy of being Emperor, if he had never been Emperor.

There is no question that Grant fought so well that he earned the lasting gratitude of his country. There is no question that he died as manfully as any figure in our national history. But neither is there any question that his administration of the Presidency was calamitous. Galba he was, and if the erection of his literary pyramid makes him anything else it will be a miracle indeed.

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Instant Enlightenment

Sirs:

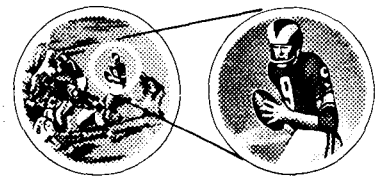
Lisa Bieberman, in "The Psychedelic Experience" (August 5), writing as a former member of the group which experimented with the mind-expanding drugs at Cambridge, once had great hopes that these drugs might help to create a new and better world.

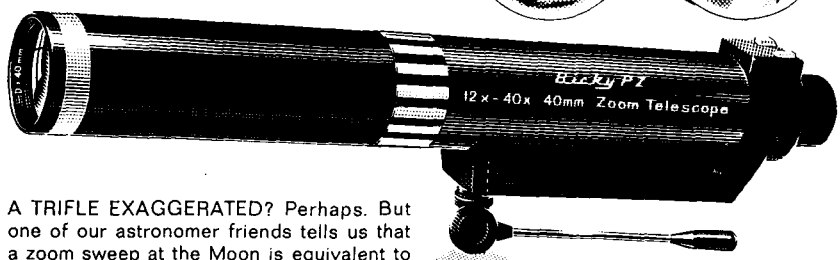
Her very article, with its sincerity, reveals the basic error of those who have put faith in the use of these drugs and why the better world did not result. Had the Cambridge group done some serious research on the experiences of mystics throughout the centuries, and especially the teachings of the Zen masters of China and Japan, they would have discovered that the hallucinations, both pleasant and unpleasant, produced with or without drugs, are an old story. Far from being coveted, these early visions or feelings of "oneness with the universe" are actually looked upon as obstacles which can seduce the seeker away from any genuine experience of enlightenment.

Alan Watts, the philosopher, has experimented with LSD under controlled conditions. He states in his *Psychotherapy, East and West* that he is reasonably convinced that LSD may produce changes of perception similar to those experienced during the training of disciplines like Zen. Both Zen training and psychoanalysis, which have much in common, are long and arduous paths which can effect basic personality changes. But since these reach a very limited number of persons, it is small wonder that the people at Cambridge, like others with a concern for the future of mankind, should become excited about the possibilities for "instant enlightenment." Unfortunately, any genuine enlightenment pro-

Given to Vertigo? Then use extreme caution when touching the "Go" button of this 12x to 40x

POWER ZOOMSCOPE!





A TRIFLE EXAGGERATED? Perhaps. But one of our astronomer friends tells us that a zoom sweep at the Moon is equivalent to approaching it in a rocket at 20,000 mph! If you are earthbound, the BICKY PZ (Power Zoom) is incomparable for sports (take in all the action, *and* know the pitcher's favorite brand of chewing tobacco), hunting, travel and aspects of science and industry where crisp, controlled, close-up observation is required.

THE FACTS? The BICKY PZ has smooth 12x to 40x zoom at the touch of a button, with instant stop at any intermediate magnification. 40mm coated objective provides excellent light gain and visual field of 141 ft. at 1,000 yds. (at 12x). Powered by two penlight batteries, dustproof construction, sturdy, compact and light-weight (36 ozs.) with lockable panning head, chrome-baked enamel extendable table-top tripod, vinyl case and pistol grip which allows hand-held focusing even to highest magnification.

MOST AMAZING FACT? THE PRICE: not astronomical at all! Until now a power zoom instrument would cost at least $200 and not go beyond 8x. We'll send you the BICKY PZ, complete, for $49.95 in presentation box. Fully guaranteed for 1 year, of course, for material and workmanship.

SEE IT CLOSE-UP

Mail to: 526 Washington, San Francisco 94111
Phone: (415) 981-5688

☐ Send me the BICKY P.Z. *complete*. I enc. $50.95 ($49.95 plus $1 post. & ins.)*
☐ Also include the optional full-length de-luxe tripod for which I enc. $16.95 (postpaid).*
☐ Bill Amer. Exp. Acct. #

*Calif. res. add 5%. Refund in 10 days if not amazed and delighted.

Name
Address
Zip

TNR09 16

Haverhill's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

"PROTEST WITH DISTINCTION"; Controversial underground bumper stickers. Free list: Dealers inquire. SNICKER STICKERS, Box 4243, Hollywood, Florida 33023.

"FOUR WILL FORMS" and Lawyer's Guide to Wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms, Box 48313-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

DO YOU FEEL like joining the OHIM Club? Membership now open. Lifetime membership card with beautiful, gold-plated, hand-polished membership pin. Can be used as tie tack, lapel pin, or dress ornament. Has that fine jewelry look. Nicely boxed conversation piece. Only $1.00 ppd. Customcraft Creations, P.O. Box 1111, Dept. 77, Providence, R.I. 02901.

PAPER for THERMOFAX MACHINE. 8½x11 per 100 Sheets $1.59. ELECTROSTATIC Paper For S.C.M. 8½x11 per 100 Sheets $1.79. Write for free samples. Mets, Dept. (W205), 905 So. Vermont, Los Angeles, Calif. 90006.

1000 NAME-ADDRESS LABELS $1.00. Three sets $2.50. Eastcoast, 257-NR East Third, New York, New York 10009.

NAPALM IS A BOMB. IT IS ALSO A FILM. A searching portrayal of the anti-NAPALM demonstrations at Redwood City, California. Scenes include a tour of the NAPALM facility; speakers Robert Scheer and Felix Greene; interviews with city officials, business leaders, and dockworkers. A unique social documentary about a city and a moral dilemma. Winner of the 1967 Cracow, Poland, International Film Festival. Available for rental or purchase. King Screen Productions, 320 Aurora Avenue North, Seattle 98109.

PARTICIPATE IN THE HOBBY OF THE FUTURE and collect "space" covers! The next 9-plus philatelic envelopes mailed to you for $6.00 advance deposit. Postmarked day of launch from the site of launch, i.e., Cape Canaveral, Patrick AFB, Wallops Island, Vandenberg AFB P.O.s. Beautiful and original cachets in full color. Plenty of pertinent information accompanies each cover. Only the most important space events covered: from 20-30 per year. Reliable firm, Member of ASDA, POLONUS, APS. Write: Space Craft Covers, P. O. Box 2296, Huntington, W. Va. 25724.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE (Computerized Matching). All Ages. Write: TEAM Project, P. O. Box 359, Church Street, New York, N. Y. 10008.

DISENCHANTED EGGHEADS (AGES 21 to 60)! MIND MATES is a serious, specialized dating service catering exclusively to the New York area's vast literate, cultivated, intellectual community. Our purpose: to present you with your peers by means of a unique combination of computerized and personalized matching. Questionnaire, literature: MIND MATES, Bureau for Interpersonal Relations, 509 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017. MU 2-3757.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" PLAQUE, 8½" x 4", typographically baroque, $1.50. Deluxe edition, $2.50. Wry Idea Company, Box 178-N, Rye, N. Y. 10580.

cess must move slowly. First, there is the danger of releasing the overwhelming contents of an unconscious which few are prepared to face without adequate preparation. Further, genuine insight can only be a do-it-yourself process. No person or drug can accomplish it for you. People have been attaining liberation by these proven methods for centuries, and without any evidence of negative effects on them or their descendants.

Lisa Bieberman deplores the present condition of the early Cambridge experimenters, and rightly so, for they set out to save the world without having learned first to save themselves. Some former members of this clan recently announced that they have managed to learn to "turn on" without the assistance of any drugs whatever. If they had followed serious teaching and gained any real insight, they might have discovered that they are already "on" and there is nothing to turn!

Timothy King
Washington, D.C.

The Condemned

Sirs:

The war in Vietnam recently took the life of our son, Tom. His death, and those of over 10,000 boys like him have resulted, we feel, from the common people not expressing their true feelings about the war. If the public would speak out, the politicians would react.

The selfish savagery of the society in which he lived; the inordinate pride of the President, the complacent self-interest of the congressmen, the thirst of the military for power and prestige, and the mad scramble of war industries to grab and spend 75 billions of dollars this year, these are the things that destroyed our son, not the Viet Cong.

Only vocal and written expressions of opposition from concerned individuals can save any of the over-10,000 boys doomed to die in the next year. Any person who feels that this war is not in our national interest and does not speak out is betraying his conscience, his country, and those poor dead and to be dead boys.

Al and Virginia Troelstrup
Hemet, California

COMPUTER DATING SERVICE for single adults. Send for free brochure. COMPUTADATE, P.O. Box 20-N, Peabody, Mass. 01960.

AUTOMOBILE BUMPER STRIPS. Low-cost advertising for Organizations, Special Events, School Projects, Business, Theatrical Productions, Tourist Attractions, Motels, Resorts, Drive-Ins, Political Campaigns, and Slogans. Write for free brochure, Price List, and Samples. Reflective Advertising, Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Missouri 63132.

SURVIVAL OF MANKIND – Reveals the Natural Way – of REVERSING mankind's onrushing, self-destructive tendencies. Only $1.00. Kosmon Book Service, 6521 Mt. Zion Blvd., Morrow, Georgia 30260.

INTERESTED IN CONSTRUCTIVE SELF-EVALUATION? Unconventional approach probes deeply, accurately. Introductory analysis $1.00, include birth data, name, address. Joan Merrill Harmon, Ps.D., RFD 3, Buzzards Bay, Mass. 02532.

USE INITIATIVE PROCEDURE to legalize abortion and every other victimless activity. LEGALIZE LIBERTY, POB 24282, Los Angeles, 90024.

LITERATURE

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE SELECTOR – recommends best choices from 1,000 accredited colleges and universities based on computer analysis of high school student and colleges. Free 16 page questionnaire. ACS, Dept. 32F, 3757 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90005.

"INCIDENT AT CREDIBILITY GAP and The Innocent Child," the definitive fairytale on the assassination of Kennedy. $1.00 to Paper "Bag" Books, Greenwich, Connecticut. 06830.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS – All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

DRYAD accepting poetry and literary essays. Return self-addressed envelope. 1963-1, Rosemary Hills Drive, Silver Spring, Md. 20910.

MANDARIN IN FOUR WEEKS. 28 lessons. $2.80. Oriental Publication Service, Box 308, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

EXISTENTIALIST IN SEARCH OF A HAPPENING? Solid information by distinguished professionals. HAPPEN WON'T YOU? Subscribe: EXISTENTIAL PSYCHIATRY, 520 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. One year – $10.00, Quarterly.

FIFTY-ONE WITNESSES: THE GRASSY KNOLL: Sheds light on the Assassination. Send $1.00 to Idlewild Publishers, 543 Frederick, San Francisco, California.

THE FUTURIST, published bimonthly by World Future Society; reports scientists' forecasts for coming decades. Subscription: $5.00 yearly. Box 19285-NR, Twentieth Street Station, Washington, D.C. 20036.

COSMOPOLITAN magazine for international friendship. $1.00. Postbox 29117, Hollywood, California 90029.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIALIST BOOKS – Literature, catalog, free. New York Labor News, Dept. R, 116 Nassau Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO: "Freethought, criticism and satire?" Graffiti Magazine is where it's at: $2 – 6 issues, $4 – 12 issues plus Johnson-Dylan poster. Dept. R, 88 Bleecker Street, New York City 10012.

TOPICAL HUMOR SERVICE and forty speaker's jokebooks. Catalog free. Samples $5.00. Orben Publications, Dept. 105, Baldwin, N.Y.

THE IDLER. Lively, offbeat liberal monthly. Fun to read. Send $2 for trial year's subscription. Idler, 413A - 6th St., N.E., Washington, D. C. 20002.

POETRY WANTED for cooperative Anthology. Include stamped envelope. Idlewild Publishers, 543 Frederick, San Francisco, California.

EMPLOYMENT

YOUNG MAN seeks full-time work with peace, civil rights or humanitarian organization. Wishes to "cop out" of industrial advertising. Experienced in copywriting, editing, direct mail, publicity. Organizational and promotional experience with local liberal concerns. Alan Swenson, 11 Park Place, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

WRITERS – N.Y. publisher wants books on all subjects, fiction, nonfiction. No fee for professional opinion. FREE: Brochures that show how your book can be published, publicized, sold; contracts. Write Dept. 107, EXPOSITION PRESS, INC., 386 Park Avenue So., New York, N.Y. 10016.

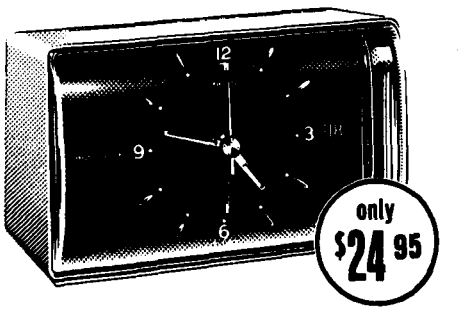
WORLD COMMITTEE requires two creative persons with executive ability who want to end war. Help organize World Constitutional Convention and Peoples World Parliament in 1968. Start at $500/mo. working at main office, 8800 West 14th Ave., Denver, Colo. Others needed to organize and run co-op sales plan to earn living while giving 1/2 time to World Committee. Send photo with application.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities. Includes "Directory of American Companies Overseas," and special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $2.00, plus 50¢ postage/handling. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, N.Y. 11730.

SCHOOLS AND CAMPS

10th OR 11th GRADE STUDENTS. Three openings for boys of character, imagination, promise. Co-educational college preparatory school in Vermont hills. Stimulating academic program: arts, informal sports, work program on farm and buildings. Students with emotional problems or reading difficulties should not apply. The Mountain School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone (802) 685-2072.

SOME PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE CUCKOO TO PAY $25 FOR "JUST" A CLOCK



Haverhill's goes to the ends of the earth to bring you the finest things. This Diehl TwelveMonth Clock is no exception.

They're the same people who don't mind living with "the approximate" time or walking into a Five-and-Dime every six months to buy another new $8.95 wind-up tick-tock.

Also, this clock is not "just" a clock. It is a most elegant tabletop timepiece from West Germany with the following attributes:

There is the calendar. When you wake, you'll know what day it is! (This sometimes comes in handy!) Around back you will see no handle for winding . . . no cord for plugging-in. An ordinary flashlight battery powers the mechanisms—for a good year or more. When it begins to lose its juice, red appears under the number "12". Now, about the alarm. It's not the alarming kind. Just effective. Reveille begins with four short but insistent signals. If you don't shut off the alarm, there will follow a continuous bzzzzzzzzz that would stir Rip Van Winkle.

Furthermore, this timepiece is in excellent taste. Quite handsome. Designed to "go" anywhere. You will think so, too. The works of this TwelveMonth Clock are so precise and perfect that you can adjust it to within two seconds of being on-the-dot every 24 hours. It's a rare wristwatch that can time itself to such a fine degree. The usual Haverhill's 10-day money-back Guarantee applies (if you are not impressed in every way). Beyond that, there is the Manufacturer's Warranty covering parts and workmanship. This extends over a full year. So if you can afford to indulge your appreciation of fine things, this indeed is the timepiece that should bid you "Good Morning" each day. This is also a pretty wonderful gift to a son and daughter with early morning classes.

NO TIME LIKE THIS TIME

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S
526 Washington St., TNRO 916
San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Please send me the Diehl TwelveMonth Clock. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed.

☐ I enclose check for $24.95 plus $1.00 for postage and insurance.
(California residents add 5% sales tax.)
☐ Bill AmExp. Acct. #

Name

Address

Zip

© 1966 Haverhill's

Searching the World to bring you the Finest

VACATIONS/TRAVEL

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries. Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyager, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE – $1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-21JL, Bell, Bayside, N. Y. 11361.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Send 50c for color-illustrated catalogue. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst 73, New York.

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Altman, Gross, Kleinholz, Doris Lee, from $10. Free catalog with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25c for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 6B, 605 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017. Our 34th year.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE – your own personal escape into an exciting new dimension. Assembles in hour with under ten dollars of easily obtainable parts. Send $1.00 for instructions, drawing, to Carelton Co., 2317 Delancy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE? EXCITING ORIGINAL woodcuts, etchings, lithos, $4.50 each. Subscription information: Graphic Circle, (NR) 68 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011.

WHO'S AFRAID OF HERMANN RORSCHACH? Psychedelic ink blots pick your mind. Complete set $4.95 to LABYRINTH, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

DEMOCRAT? REPUBLICAN? HARVARD? Yale? Bryn Mawr? Radcliffe? Eloise? Jacqueline? Either party, any university's name, or anyone's first-name in gold-like script on handsome brooch-pin or tie-bar. $2.00 each. Box 810, New Republic.

IT MAY STILL BE SUMMER – BUT KNITTING TAKES TIME – Handsome, hand-knit, handspun, 100% bulky wool sweaters. Moderately priced. (C.D. Project.) Free Brochure. ANDEAN, Box 2948, Quito, Ecuador.

MUSIC

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

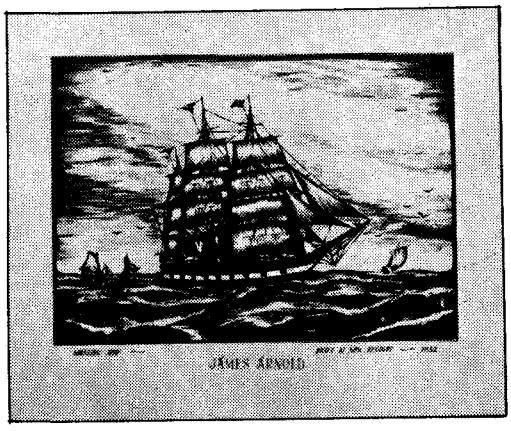
HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

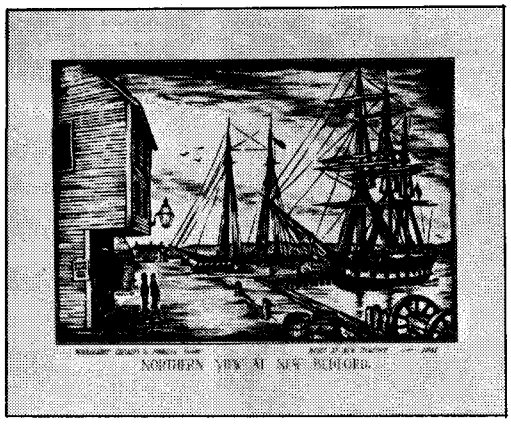
Printed by National Publishing Division
The McCall Printing Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Antique Art of Whaling"

Fabulously Beautiful Giant Woodcuts Hand Silk-Screened and Painted Especially for Your Decor





Set of 4 Exquisite Decorator Pieces Only

$3 For All Four

Sold in art stores for $15. All 4 in full color, now yours for just $3, while they last. Imagine decorating your home with these superb hand-painted masterpieces . . . Each of these breathtakingly beautiful whaleship paintings in full color will bring new beauty to any room in your home. The character of this fine art is so excellent that they find an enthusiastic audience of art lovers, decorators and appreciative homemakers wherever they are exhibited.

You'll understand why they are so commanding once you see the exquisite craftsmanship employed by Robert Arnold, one of New England's most famous ship artists. The small black and white illustrations shown above cannot convey the dramatic beauty and rich engraved woodcut look of these magnificent whaling ships. You must see them in large full color to appreciate their beauty.

OFFER MAY NOT BE REPEATED. Act now. To take advantage of this special offer, we urge you to order your hand-painted art subjects now while supply lasts. Each of these beautiful hand colored subjects is a large 17"x21" with lovely borders. You will be thrilled with the grace and beauty they will add to your home, office or club. This may be your only chance to order.

WORLD ART GROUP
Studio 9-16 NR
54 Church Lane
Westport, Conn. 06880

WORLD ART GROUP ☆ Approved ☆ For Gallery Exhibit

Please send me the 4 hand-painted ship prints for only $3 plus 25c pp. and handling on full money-back guarantee if I am not satisfied. Enclosed is

$.....

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City .....State .....Zip Code.....

☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order 2 sets of all four prints for only $5.50 postpaid. Extra sets make perfect gifts.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED